

# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

1945



## In This Issue:

**Paul Gallico**

**Hanson W. Baldwin**

**Senator Tom Connally**

**Ray P. Holland**



sure as shootin'...

the quality's  
as high as ever

No fancy talk here. Just this straight fact . . . Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are as good today as they ever were. Of course, you won't find as many to choose from . . . our tailors' fingers are still flying for the armed forces. But of this you can be sure: every suit that bears the Trumpeter label is every stitch as good, in every way, as before the war.

The Trumpeter label  
... a small thing to look for  
... a big thing to find



Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

YOU'LL PLAN  
TO GO THE LONG  
WAY 'ROUND

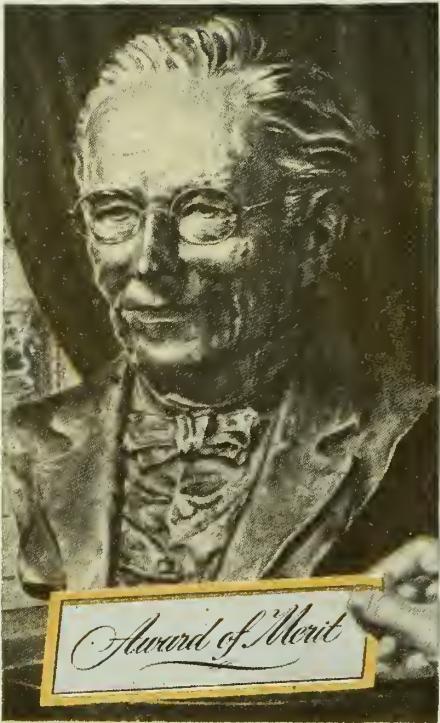


# There's a *Ford* in your future!

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# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1945  
VOLUME 39 • NO. 4

Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address. Be sure to give your 1945 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES • One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.  
EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

## The Editor's Corner

WELL, the Japs finally got themselves out of the war without saving the mikado's "face." While, as these lines were written on August 14th, it wasn't certain that Bull Halsey would carry out his promise to ride the famous white horse of Hirohito down the Ginza, Tokyo's main stem, no Jap could fail to realize that for a long time to come the Allies were going to be giving orders to all of the toothy little tricksters who dragged us into the war on Dec. 7, 1941. In our August, 1942 issue we ran an article, *So You're Going to Japan*, illustrated with

(Continued on page 4)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents—unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office, Second Class rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope—but mark in the left hand corner of the envelope Second Class Matter.

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**Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels from 3579 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis 6, Ind.**

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## Casualty Insurance

### Pledges Aid to DISABLED WAR VETERANS

Many disabled veterans have wondered if they will be penalized for the scars they carry when they try to get jobs in industry after they have been released from service.

In most States of this Nation, workers are covered by Workmen's Compensation Insurance. The law requires employers to pay for this. It could hurt the disabled veteran's chances when he tried to get a job, if word got around that employers would have to pay a higher premium for compensation insurance when they hired handicapped workers . . . be-

cause those men might be more likely to become injured on the job. *That isn't going to happen.*

A group of leading American capital stock casualty insurance companies—including the Indemnity Insurance Company of North America—more than a year ago went on record that . . . **1.** Handicapped workers *will not be shut out from employment* by any compensation insurance regulations. **2.** Compensation rates *will not be higher* because handicapped workers are employed.

*Again, North America pledges itself to do its part to see our country safely through this public-spirited crusade to play square with so many who have given so much that our Nation might survive!*



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**NORTH AMERICA**  
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John A. Diemand  
JOHN A. DIEMAND  
PRESIDENT

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## THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(Continued from page 2)

Bill Pause cartoons, the largest of the drawings showing a Jap general and a Jap admiral each drawing a rickshaw containing a Yank enlisted man down the Ginza amid the plaudits of a GI multitude lined up on the sidewalks. Neither Bill nor we realized what a pounding the Jap capital was going to take from the bombs dropped by the B-29s, so there was nothing in the drawings to suggest the devastation that has been visited on the city. But as a sort of half-gag we ran a list of things in the Japanese language which we suggested our soldiers and sailors might memorize against the day when the occupation of Japan began. Here they are again, in case you're writing any of our occupation troops:

When do we eat? Tabaru nan gee deska?  
Take me to the war office

Sombo hombu wah.

Where is the hotel? . . . . .

Ho-tai-ru wa doko deska?

Hurry up Hiyaku.

Go-slow Sorrow Sorrow.

Where do we eat? . . . . .

Ree yor ree ya doko deska?

Take me to the river . . . . .

How wa doko deska?

You are too slow Anahta wa amri no roy.

Hat Bo-shee.

Coat Guy-toe.

Shoes Koot-sue.

Clothes Yo-fu-ku.

Be on time Gee khan dori ni.

Wait a minute Choto mati ku da sai.

Forget it Scatter ga nigh.

Turn out the light Denki kesh-tay.

Dog Enu.

Cat Necco.

Horse Uma.

Bird Cotori.

THE MAN in the cab of the locomotive shown on our cover this month is Henry P. Conrad, a locomotive engine man of the New York Central system. Mr. Conrad is one of the thousands of locomotive engineers who have been at the throttles of our trains hauling the men and materials that made the Germans, Japs and their satellites cry uncle. Incidentally, on page 14 you may read an interesting account (*Want a Railroad Job?*) by Murray Davis of what the roads have to offer ex-service men and women who have a yen that way.

WHEN Prof. Irving S. Kull, head of the Department of Political Science and History at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J., suggested to Denton E. Brome, Historian of Highland Park (N. J.) Post of the Legion that his students would like to have copies of the Legion Magazine as well as other data that would help them in their study of the Legion, Mr. Brome started rounding up old issues of the Weekly and its successor, the present monthly magazine which made its bow in August, 1926. After a year's delving, Mr.

Brome succeeded in getting a complete file of the magazine running back to 1921, and these are now in the university's library, together with a history of the Department of New Jersey.

Future issues of the Legion's magazine and of the *National Legionnaire* will be made available to the library. Rutgers University has formally thanked the Post for this fine service, as has John P. Wall, who is Historian of the city of New Brunswick.

**JUST BEFORE** the Japs caved in the following interesting letter came in from Atty. Edwin E. Grant of San Francisco:

"Race discrimination in Revised Version is being written into the statute books of the Philippine Commonwealth. The House of Representatives in Manila has passed a bill by unanimous vote which would ban Japanese immigration for all time. Filipinos, of Asiatic complex, don't want the Japs any more. Soon on their own in national defense—but for the unproven power of the United Nations—the Philippine Commonwealth dares defy Japan and her Greater Asia Co-Prosperity. . . .

"Our Government thrice held up California in passing Alien land laws. Getting nowhere with appeasement—they called it 'Gentlemen's Agreement' in those days—the Legislature passed the law stopping Jap encroachment on the soil. I know, for I was there, as State Senator from San Francisco. Nine years later (1924) Washington caught up with California, and excluded Jap immigrants, picture brides and all."

ALEXANDER GARDINER

#### A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

Frank Kenna of New Haven, Conn., is carrying on an extensive correspondence these days with men in service. His letters are designed to help able, experienced veterans set up shop for themselves when they come home after the fighting ends. In New Haven, he owns 39 buildings, comprising 700,000 square feet of space, which he has subdivided to house 110 small, privately owned plants, representing 50 different kinds of business. He wants others to do likewise in their cities, providing veterans with space on a non-lease, pay-the-rent-as-you-can basis, as he does. Meanwhile, he keeps five secretaries busy, answering servicemen who seek his advice about going into business for themselves.

# Every Hunter Should Have This Remington Book

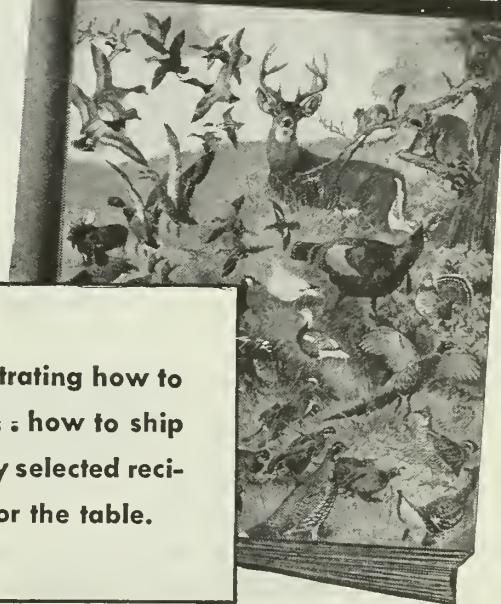
## DID YOU KNOW:

1. That there are enough steaks and other cuts on one 160-pound deer to last an average family two months?
2. That, for transporting game, 25 pounds of dry ice will keep 75 pounds of well-packed game frozen for five days or longer under normal conditions?
3. That plucking of ducks can be made much easier if the ducks are first dipped in a mixture of hot water and melted paraffin?

These interesting facts and many more, are included in the new Remington book,

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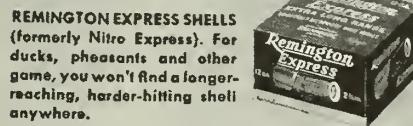
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proper handling of all popular types of game found in this country . . . and gives many selected recipes to enhance the exciting flavor of wild game.

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# *Victory and Peace*

by EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING  
National Commander, The American Legion



Within the last two months we have entered upon a new world of magnificent—and sometimes terrifying—opportunities.

We have won the most terrible war of all time; and in winning it we have witnessed the greatest scientific revolution the world has ever seen. The atomic bomb has wiped out all previous concepts of time, space, force and war. We can never return to the familiar world of the past.

Now that man has unleashed cosmic forces so staggering in their impact that two bombs can bring an empire of fanatics to their knees, no one can tell what the future may hold. The atomic bombs dropped on Japan did more than destroy our enemy's cities and his will to fight—they destroyed an entire world of thought, of experience in the arts of peace and war.

Civilization stands today at the crossroads. We have won the war—we must make certain that the peace is not lost again. We may use these great forces to build a world of unprecedented peace and prosperity—or we may use them to destroy civilization itself.

There is no turning away from this challenge. The choice has been thrust upon us; and our duty now lies in making certain that the world of the future takes the path to peace.

We must hold fast to peace in our relations with the world. We must make certain that the San Francisco charter becomes more than words on paper; that it is translated into reality in the hearts and minds of mankind.

We must find the way to peace in our country. We must work as hard, we must work as unselfishly and as unitedly in the cause of greater pros-

perity, greater happiness as we have in the cause of war.

And now that the war is won, we must not forget the men who won it for us—we must not forget the glowing promises we made them when we sent them to fight for us. We must provide jobs and full economic opportunity for our veterans, care and hospitalization, and full compensation for those who have been disabled in our cause.

The peace must be one of reality, backed with the power to preserve it. Never again may any nation have weeks, months or years to prepare for war. Wars of the future—if they must come—will be won or lost in an incredibly short time; with whole cities, whole nations erased almost overnight.

There can no longer be any question of the need of Universal Military Training. The atomic bomb has blasted away all previous arguments, all doubts or hesitations that any sincere American can hold.

Our country must be prepared—or face destruction.

The American Legion accepts the challenge of peace confidently. We have been devoted to the cause of peace throughout the Legion's existence; now strengthened by the vigorous, youthful support of veterans of World War II, we rededicate ourselves to its preservation.

I know that we shall succeed. My twelve months as your National Commander has been a glorious experience. I have talked with thousands of new Legionnaires. They are alert, eager and loyal. We may leave this new world safely in their hands.

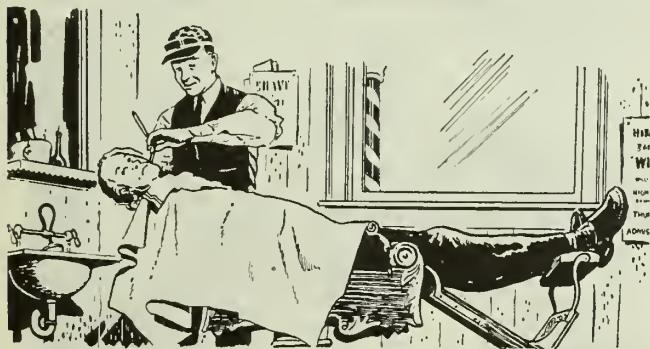


# Jimmie's Five Steps to Fortune

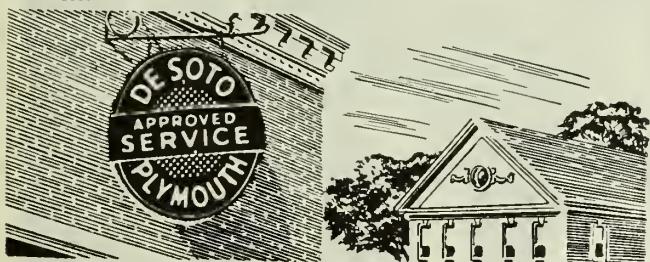
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**First Step** Back in 1910, Jimmie left his father's farm for the big city of New York. He still talks about the first Ferry ride and the thrill he got looking at the New York sky line. He liked the Ferry, stayed right on it, got a job shining shoes and saved some money.



**Third Step** Jimmie got hold of a barber shop, right near the steel mill. He put his name up over the door, made friends and got customers. He also took an interest in a shoe repairing shop nearby. Then another interest in a little one-armed restaurant in the same neighborhood. Jimmie was *sure* in business.

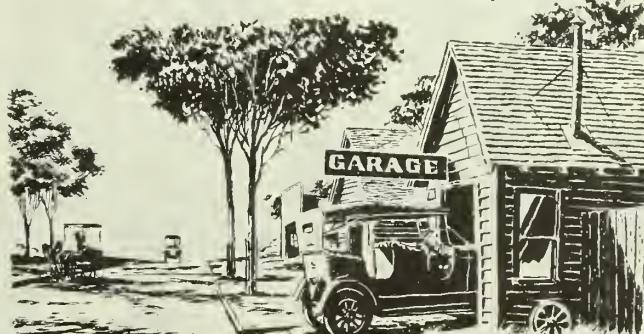


**Fifth Step** This is the sign that hangs over Jimmie's door today. It marks the biggest step in his career. Before car production was halted by war, Jimmie had twenty salesmen, and as many service specialists on his pay roll. He did a whale of a business and will again. Jimmie, of course, thinks De Soto and Plymouth cars are the greatest in the world.

THIS story of Jimmie is true,—from records on file with Chrysler Corporation. It is a story typical of hundreds of other American boys and men who made good in the direct and simple American way. The free way. Jimmie took the jolts and bumps in stride. He came up smiling. He



**Second Step** Next Jimmie got the Western fever. Started West, working his way on the public roads. Then got a job in a Western Steel Mill where he learned the machinist's trade. Jimmie kept his eyes wide open all the time and had dreams of bigger things. A business of his own maybe.



**Fourth Step** By this time Jimmie had a family. A fine wife and two lusty youngsters. He had a father-in-law too, who owned a garage but wanted to retire. Jimmie took over. His machinist's training now came in handy. He was smart with automobiles. He made a local name for himself. Kept working hard, with his eyes wide open, seemed to get bigger and better ideas all the time.



**Jimmie Steps Back** — to farming again. Jimmie's home is a model farm where 350 acres of fields and pastures give him relaxation with his family. His sizable dairy herd also helps supply a considerable area with its daily needs in fresh milk. Next to his De Soto-Plymouth dealership, Jimmie's farm is his pride and joy. Jimmie earned them both.

• • •  
kept his eyes open, and nothing, really, stood in his way.

•  
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# Where the wire and telephones went

More graphic than words have been the on-the-spot photographs of what the telephone and electronic devices did in war. Wherever they are they bind our men together.

The Bell System has concentrated its energies on making this equipment for our armed forces. That has caused shortages of switchboards, central office equipment and telephones here at home.

Somewhere in the Pacific, American soldiers and a native boy transport Signal Corps equipment by water buffalo. These animals often saved the day in bringing up heavy equipment.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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# The Charter Declares Peace

By TOM CONNALLY

Chairman, U. S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee

**THE WORLD SECURITY CHARTER**, which the United States has formally accepted, is more than a noble document seeking to express and execute the dream which men of vision have entertained ever since the dawn of modern civilization.

It may be the last call for a world order of permanent peace and justice and security among men. It is a summons which every man and woman and child in the United States, especially the veterans of World Wars I and II, should heed. As we have been victorious in war, so we must be victorious in peace.

Twice in the span of a lifetime Americans have been called to ward off a twilight which threatened everything they hold dear. Twice in a generation they have been dragged from their families, their farms and their factories to fight on foreign soil. Now they have been asked to respond to

another kind of call. They must not—they will not—fail.

They know the costs and the horrors of war. They have seen thousands of their gallant companions sacrificed upon the red and blazing battlefields, or engulfed in the ocean depths. They have seen them fall flaming from the skies. Other millions have also suffered privation and starvation. Countless children have been orphaned. The fairest lands of the earth have been devastated. Billions in man-made and God-given wealth have been destroyed.

The tragic conflict in which we are still engaged has spread its misery to the remotest corners of the globe. There have been more marching men than composed the combined armies of Alexander, Genghis Khan, Hannibal, Caesar and Napoleon. Old cultures and civilizations have been uprooted.

Decoration by LEO RACKOW

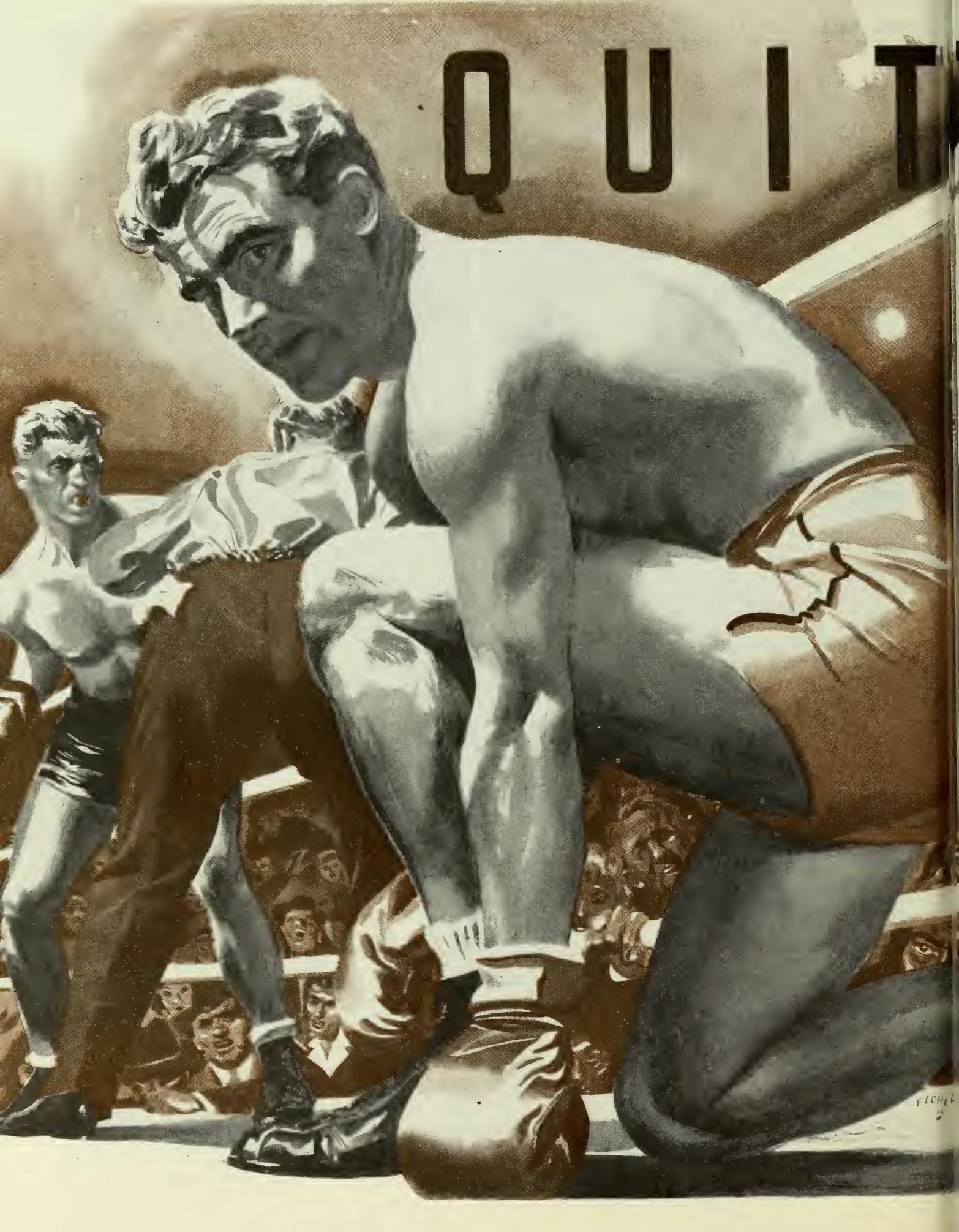
We crushed Germany at a terrible toll of blood and treasure. Our heroic fighting men a few weeks later achieved victory over our brutal and savage enemy in the Far East.

But such a world tragedy must not occur again. War must be prevented forever.

I know that the Legionnaires of the 1917-1918 era and those of the present struggle believe in the Charter overwhelmingly, and that they will assume the responsibility of helping make it work. During our deliberations before the San Francisco Conference and since the Senate debate, I have had thousands of letters and telegrams demanding the effective collaboration of the United States in a world organization strong enough to keep the peace.

(Continued on page 29)

Q U I T



# TER By Paul Gallico

## FIRST, LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE:

Didja hear about what happened at the Arena the other night when Bill Quigley quit cold to Jack Palumbo? Yellow! Had-dim out and quits to a punch in the stum-mick that wouldn't hurt a flea. Ah, I seen it and he wasn't even hit. He wanted to quit in the fifth round, only Sammy Fox his manager wouldn't let 'im. Ja see him givin' him hell in the corner? I thought he was gonna hit him over the head with the bottle. He shoulda.

There's gradgitude for ya. That Sammy Fox is like a father to him. Brings him up from a punk prelim kid to where he can get a shot at the big dough. Looks after him. An' then Quigley goes yellow on him. He never was any class as a fighter. I guess he had the streak all the time. You'd think that a guy like Quigley who come outa the Army after bein' overseas would have more guts, wouldn'ya? Didn' he get a medal? Ah, they just hand them out. When he gets in the ring the yellow streak comes out. He don' like it down there.

That Sammy Fox is plenty smart, only to have this bum ruin it on him. He gits the chance to make a nice piece of change for himself if Quigley win. He gets the match against Red Kline, the champeen in Detroit. Quigley ain't goin' anywhere against a guy like Kline, but the loser's end ain't hay, is it? That's how it is, ya get a smart manager tryin' to do something for a kid an' what happens? He quits like a dog. . . .

*One ought to know what Sammy Fox really did for Billy Quigley:*

Sammy Fox took Billy Quigley when he was just a dumb kid, selling papers at the corner of Fourth and Jordan, protecting his pitch with a pretty good pair of fists, and put him into a gymnasium to learn how to fight.

Sam Fox knew the way to teach a kid how to fight. The hard way and no pampering or coddling to let 'em get soft. He had a stable of eight mediocre club fighters, ranging from feather to middleweight. Billy was a lightweight then. Fox threw him into the ring with his veterans as a sparring partner and let them beat his brains out.

**Billy cautiously dropped to one knee to take nine until the pain should pass**

That way, Billy learned quickly. He had to, to survive. When he had picked up a fair left hand and a few tricks from the other boys, Fox let him complete his education in the clubs of Scranton, Wilkes Barre, Newark, Harrisburg and points South, North and West. Sam was fair and square and cut his purses right up the middle, naturally after deducting expenses. There were times when Billy fought three times in a week by riding sitting up all night in a day coach and cleared as much as twenty-five dollars out of it. In slack periods when no matches were in sight, Fox got Billy a job in the leather factory so he'd have money for eating and could keep in shape.

Sam knew how to put the fear of God into his kids. He was a man who had a sense of responsibility to the public. He told Billy, "Ya got to give 'em a show." When he signed Billy he lectured him out of the side of his thin mouth, his eyes as warm as a lizard's stare. "We got no quitters in this stable, see? You get in there and take it. That's what they're payin' for. If I ever see you tryin' to quit in the corner I'm liable to bust you over the skull with the bottle. If you ain't yellow you can git along okay with Sam Fox."

So Billy was always afraid of being yellow and took some unmerciful beatings. He would get up off the floor when he was sick and hurt and out of his head and keep on coming as long as there was a reflex in him since Sam Fox did not believe in throwing in the towel, and thus he earned the name of "A Crowd Pleaser," a sentence which appeared under his name and weight on Sam Fox's handbills.

Fox was a great believer in the sanctity of a contract and so sometimes Billy fought when he was sick, or before he had recovered from a bad beating, and once with a broken hand. From time to time, Fox would remind Billy how lucky he was he had picked him up.

When the war broke out, Billy went into the Army though Sam Fox tried to fix it to keep him out. Sam was pretty sore when Billy met a girl named Honey Collins in Los Angeles, while he was stationed at Camp Roberts, and married her. Fox didn't like his fighters to marry and nobody blamed him for keeping away from her when she came to Billy's home town to live when Billy went overseas and Junior was born. It was Billy's headache.

*Illustrated by JOHN J. FLOHERTY JR.*

But at that it was only Honey's first year that was bad because Billy became a Top Sergeant, and then she lived all right on his allotment. It was tough enough on Sam to be losing his meal tickets to the armed forces without having to worry about their wives, wasn't it?

*What happened at the Arena that night:*

It was a nice little fight for five rounds. Billy Quigley was brown and strong as a bull, and, except for some adhesions, quite recovered from his mortar-fragment wound, the scar of which had turned white so you could hardly see it on his belly.

But Jack Palumbo, his manager Augie Soden and Sam Fox didn't know that. To get the match Fox had sold Augie the idea Billy would be a soft touch because he'd been hurt in the war. Palumbo and Soden were out to pick up some easy money while waiting for the outdoor shot against Red Kline, the champion.

So Palumbo hadn't bothered to train and had to call on all his class to hold Billy off, and even that wasn't enough because in the fifth round Billy clipped him with a left hook and put him down and when he got up dropped him again with a solid right smash that was a lil and the crowd went nuts. Palumbo barely made it to his feet at nine and was a dead duck with his hands down, eyes glazed, his knees unhinged.

And then for some reason Billy didn't move in for the kill but fiddled around and Palumbo hung on and near the end of the round hit Billy a short punch to the middle and dropped him, but the bell rang at eight.

Fox yelled and jawed and screamed at Billy during the minute's rest, you could hear him above the shouting of the crowd, and then when the bell rang for the sixth round everybody saw what happened. In a clinch Palumbo landed a light tap to Billy's chest that wouldn't have broken an egg and Billy went down on both knees and was counted out that way with his wife looking on at the ringside, and everybody screaming "Yellow! Quitter! Fake! He lay down! Oh you yellow bum!"

*And now finally, let us look into the heart of Billy Quigley:*

Drill, drill, drill, barracks, sleep, drill,  
*(Continued on page 37)*

# Bouquet to the Admirals

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

A Hundredth-Anniversary  
Tribute to Annapolis, Whose  
Graduates Have Furnished the  
Know-How of Our Devastat-  
ingly Successful Naval Power in  
Bringing About Victory

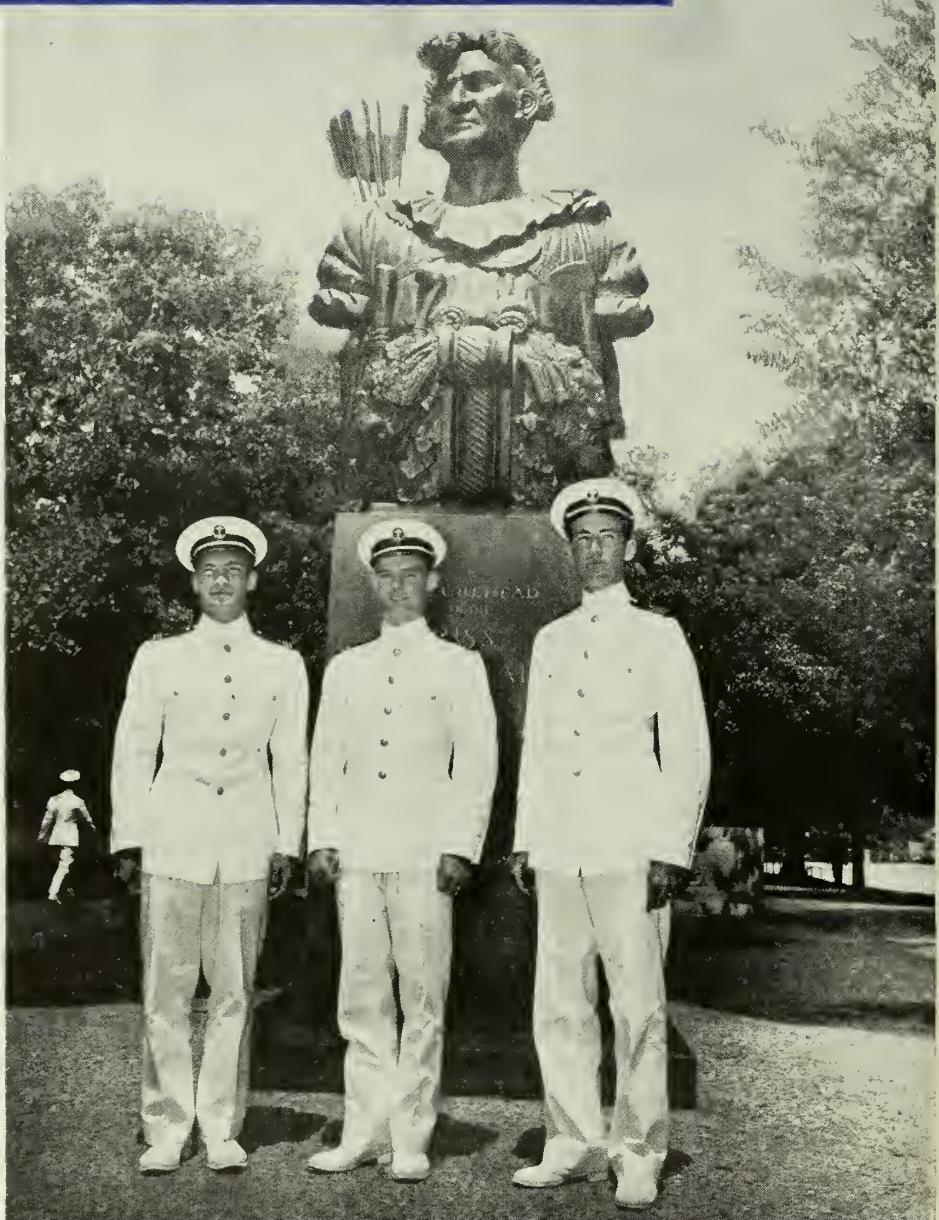
ON OCTOBER 1, 1845, in old Fort Severn at Annapolis, Maryland, was firmly established a system of organized naval education, which through a hundred years of development and growth has been able to create the most powerful sea force ever known."

This fall's rooth anniversary of the United States Naval Academy coincides with a decisive phase of the war in the Pacific, and the bright, sharp light of history will be focused upon Okinawa and the Marianas, Kyushu and the Sea of Japan. But to Annapolis, "mother of men" and cradle of the Navy, must belong much of the honor and glory, for from generation unto generation Annapolis has handed on the torch of tradition and the meaning of sea power. It has served the country well.

In one hundred years of history, there have been (until June, 1944) only 17,514 graduates, and the capital investment in the 200 acres and 170 buildings during the entire century of service of the Naval Academy is less than the cost of construction of one naval airfield in this war. Today, in the greatest fleet the world has ever known, only about 12,000 of the Navy's 400,000 officers are Annapolis graduates. Yet, those 12,000 officers have been the backbone of victory. Without them, it is fair to say, victory either would have been impossible or many, many times more expensive in blood and treasure.

Annapolis men have "run" the Navy. There have been, and there will be, critics of this condition and some of their criticism is sound. For Annapolis, like all things mortal, is fallible, and her products are humans with human weaknesses and human faults. The weaknesses of the Navy, therefore, may rightly be attributed in some measure to the Annapolis system. But the reverse of this is also true; to those who have the responsibility must go the credit, and the credit far outweighs the blame.

The accolade of history goes to the Admirals, to the Naval Academy graduates who in this global conflict have proved themselves skilled technicians of sea power more complex than any man had ever im-



Before the statue of Tecumseh at Annapolis, l. to r., Harry N. Updegraff, Donald G. Iselin and Harry A. Watson, ranking second, first and third, respectively, among the Honor Men of 1945

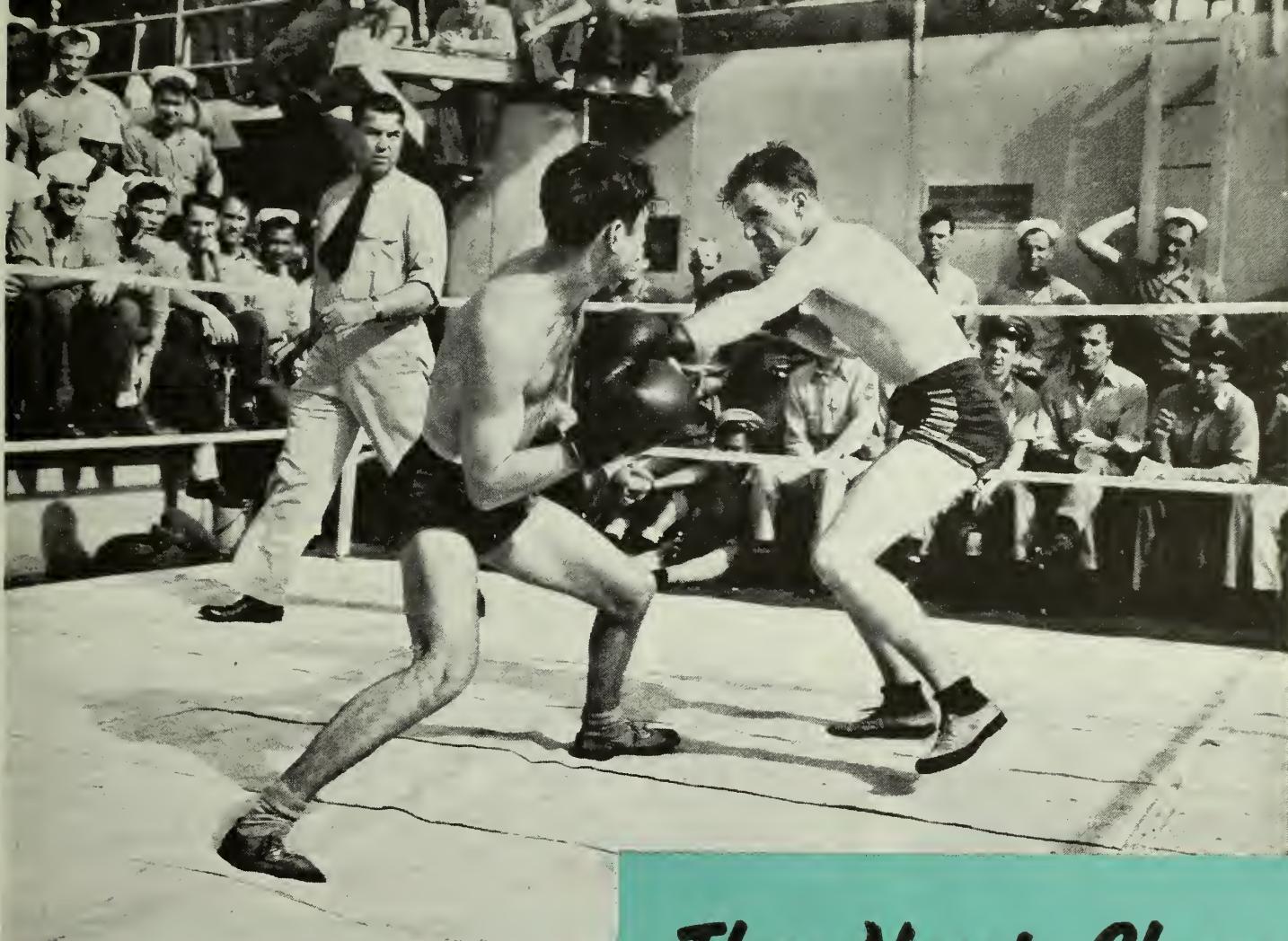
agined, and worthy successors of those early immortals who made the name "American" a proud one upon the seas.

In many ways this war has been the greatest test—the first real test—of the Annapolis tradition. In the Civil War most of the senior officers of both sides were not Academy graduates, and in earlier wars the Naval Academy had not yet been founded. The Spanish-American War was too brief and too unequal a conflict to provide a supreme test, and in the First World War the British Navy bore the brunt of the war at sea. But this war has

exhausted most of the old superlatives.

At the war's end, it had dragged on—in the case of the United States—for almost four long and bloody years, and fully a year before the nation's formal entry, the United States Navy was virtually on a war footing. During those years, the Navy has fought every type of action and many that were not in the books five years ago. It has had to endure defeat and meet with steady heart and clear mind the deadening strain of a war of attrition and the sharp and frightful shock of endless alarm. It had to

(Continued on page 54)



Coastguardsmen Harold E. Schwarz and Daniel O'Brien mix it up on a Trans-Atlantic transport, with the Manassa Mauler as referee

The former world's champion fighter won't get out on a limb picking Joe Louis's successor, though he tells you the guy's in uniform in this war. But Jack's got his favorite box-fighter—a serviceman they call "Young Dempsey"

HAVING RETURNED just before V-J Day from a trip to our fronts all around the world, there is one question everyone always asks me. They all want to know about the great fighters that must be coming up in the service today.

"Where did you find the next champ?" they ask, "and how long will it be before he takes over the title?"

There is one answer to both questions. No future champ, or crop of great fighters, has yet been produced by this war. Of course the fighters of the future, and the champions of the future, will come out of the armed services. That is only natural with all of the healthy young men of the country in uniform. But these men will not be potential boxers because of the experi-

ences they have had in uniform. All of them are going to need a different type of training and some of them are going to have to forget most of the things that were taught to them as boxing techniques by well-meaning service instructors.

A large group of fine fighters did come out of the last war. There were many excellent reasons for that. Most of our men were concentrated in France, on a comparatively short front, with large rest centers behind it. They were living in a climate not unlike that of our own country. Interest in boxing was high among the men and tournaments eagerly and easily followed or engaged in by boxers. With the Armistice, these tournaments were developed to a high pitch, under the leadership

## The Next Champ

By Commander Jack Dempsey

U.S. Coast Guard Reserve

of men who knew what they were doing professionally.

Young boxers in the A. E. F. had fine training, expert guidance and enthusiastic followers. They participated in a well-planned program. Good boxers came out of this program. I ought to know, for I fought one of those boxers twice. His name was Gene Tunney.

Today, the whole picture is different. Although the war in Europe is now over, at its height, the front stretched all across the continent. There was never the unity of interest that prevailed in the first World War. Good fighters in one area could not box good fighters in another. And fighting in the ring was necessarily a spare time

(Continued on page 54)



E. F. Ronnei, Minneapolis, back as a Northern Pacific brakeman after three years on an army railroad in Iran



Sailor J. F. Capparelli and Paratrooper Emil Jagar, Santa Fe diesel helpers at Chicago, get hot with an impact wrench



Back after three years in the Army, Frank P. Kilgore's again selling tickets at Grand Central Station, New York



With 30 months' AA service in the Pacific, Aldo Bergazzi, Bronx, is on the N. Y. Central as a pipefitter's helper



Bob Brooks injured a foot at Cassina. Now he's a retarder operator in the Burlington yard at Lincoln, Nebraska

## Want a Railroad Job?

BY MURRAY DAVIS

**There's an immediate need for 100,000 men on the nation's transportation systems and the skills learned in uniform will help many a veteran qualify for permanent employment at good pay**

**THE FAR-FLUNG** American railroad system is extending to returning veterans the business end of everything that makes the wheels go round, from pick handles to locomotive throttles. It has saved the jobs of its employes who went into service and it has places for other returning veterans, able and disabled, who want to make railroading a career.

Although railroad officials cannot accurately estimate the number of jobs that will be available for returning veterans, they do know that more than 300,000, or about one-fifth of their pre-war total personnel, entered military service or the Merchant Marine. Of these, less than 10 percent have thus far returned to their old jobs. At least another 50 percent are expected to take up railroading where they left off.

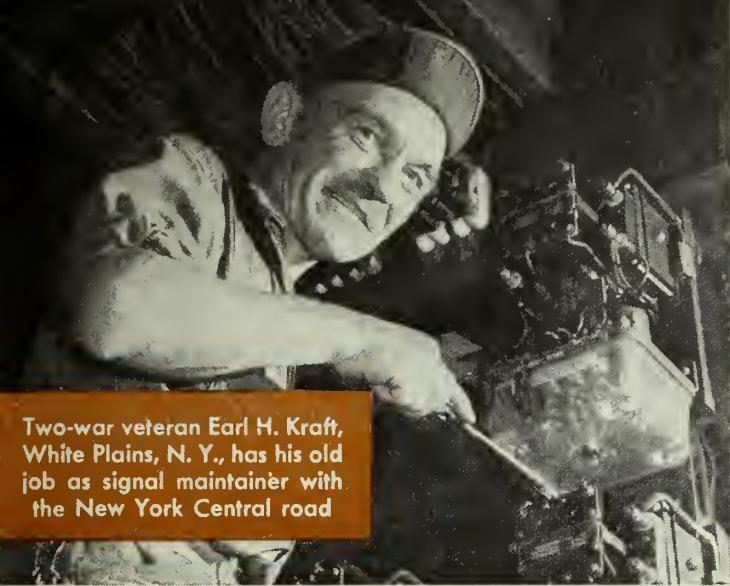
Of the remaining 100,000 or more jobs that will be available because they are not claimed by returning veterans, there can be added approximately 60,000 openings in the maintenance-of-way, freight,

engine and storehouse divisions now being filled by Mexican and Jamaican nationals. These nationals were brought into this country under agreements which provide for their return to their homelands as soon as domestic labor is available to replace them.

There is still another backlog of jobs created by the inability of the railroads to maintain their normal personnel replacement load of about 1,000 a month.

This normal replacement average has been so thrown off balance that the job opening pile-up received presidential attention. President Truman recently interrupted world business, while in Germany, to appeal for the immediate filling of approximately 100,000 vacancies in the ranks of the railroads' engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, switchmen, hostlers, train dispatchers, yardmasters, telegraphers, signalmen, sheet-metal workers, boilermakers, blacksmiths and unskilled laborers.

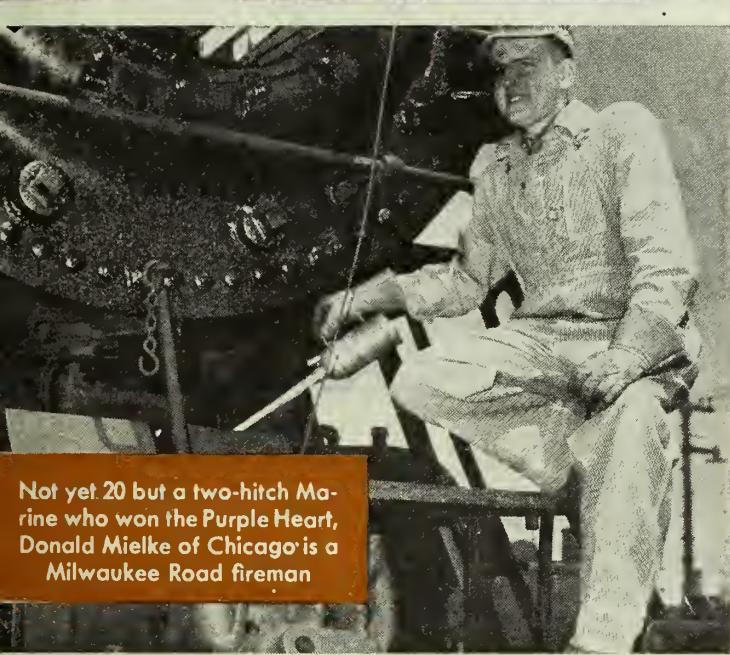
This manpower shortage is especially acute on the big western railroads such



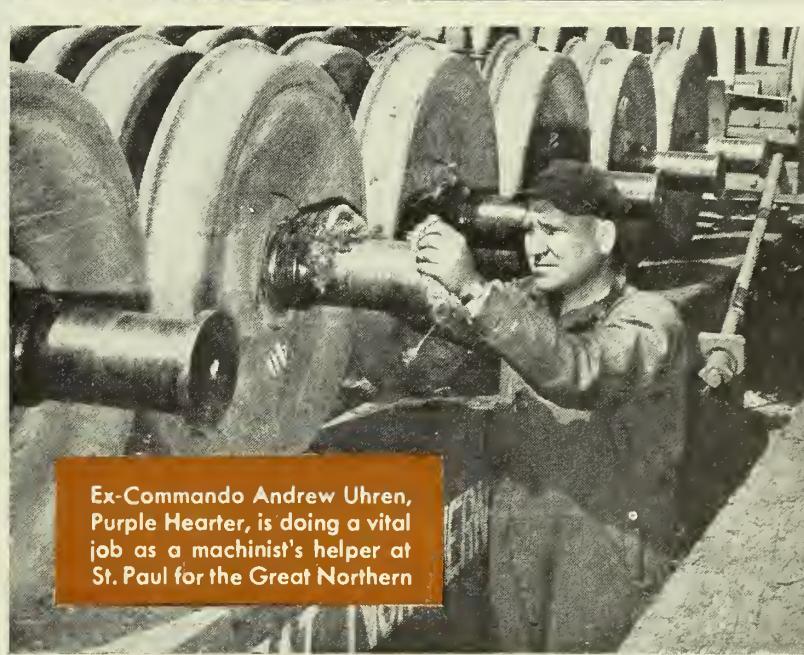
Two-war veteran Earl H. Kraft, White Plains, N. Y., has his old job as signal maintainer with the New York Central road



Yes, they have railroad cops. This one's William F. Murphy, with the N. Y. Central after 18 months as a combat Marine



Not yet 20 but a two-hitch Marine who won the Purple Heart, Donald Mielke of Chicago is a Milwaukee Road fireman



Ex-Commando Andrew Uhren, Purple Hearter, is doing a vital job as a machinist's helper at St. Paul for the Great Northern

as the Burlington, Santa Fe, Union Pacific, Western Pacific, Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific and the Milwaukee Road. They hope that returning veterans will make up a high percentage of those who fill these manpower gaps.

To these job openings can be added an unknown number of vacancies from retirement of those who have reached 65 years of age; the return to retirement of those called back into service because of manpower shortages; a number of jobs being held down by wives of servicemen under arrangements with the unions and the railroads which provide they give them up when their husbands are mustered out; and from probably the greatest expansion and rehabilitation program ever contemplated by the nation's lines.

To make things as easy as possible for the railroad-minded returning veterans the Association of American Railroads and the Government have established agencies to facilitate placements. These agencies include the Railroad Retirement Board,

Veterans Employment Service of the USES, Veterans Personnel Division, Re-employment Committeemen appointed by State Directors of Selective Service to function in each local draft board, the U. S. District Attorney to institute legal proceedings in behalf of veterans denied reinstatement, and the U. S. District Court to force compliance with the law.

Besides this re-employment co-operation with the Government the Association's subcommittee on Labor and Personnel has issued a report clearly defining the railroads' attitude toward returning veterans. This report, signed by Chairman L. W. Horning, New York Central Vice-President in charge of Personnel, and seven other nationally-known railroad officials, states:

"The return of the servicemen presents one of the most important of all post-war problems. The job should not be handled on a hit or miss basis. Railroads, as a nationwide employer of labor of a variety of skills, have a moral responsibility to take care of their own, and this responsi-

bility should be accepted and carried out to the limit of their ability."

The report also recommends that "special consideration should be given to the necessity of working out policy and procedure for the re-employment of the disabled," and for "the initial employment of ex-servicemen who had no pre-war railroad experience."

Although the railroads' program is filled with about an equal amount of knowns and unknowns it seems to be working out, so far. For example, of the 53,574 Pennsylvania Railroad employees who went into military or Merchant Marine service, 4,798 have been re-employed in their old or better jobs, as have 2,651 of the New York Central's 29,622 honor roll.

In addition, the Pennsylvania is hiring, throughout its system, about 50 disabled veterans each week, and the New York Central is hiring about the same number each month in New York City alone.

"We have not had a single complaint  
(Continued on page 45)

# Bird Pups

BY RAY P. HOLLAND

The sheer joy for a man or a boy in training pointers, setters and retrievers

"YOU KNOW, there just ain't nothin' as cute and lovable as a bird pup." As we squatted there in the straw and watched those pointer puppies crawl over and maul their mother, I was sure that my Mississippi friend had spoken a very solemn truth. Last night I wouldn't have been so sure. I was out of bed three times between midnight and dawn to stop a bird dog puppy from whining and howling.

A thousand times I have taken a solemn oath never to bring up another puppy. They whine, chew things and generally raise Cain. And yet, I suppose I will be raising pups as long as I live. It won't be so tough tonight. This will be the second night away from his folks and I may have to get out of bed only once. The next night my troubles will be over and my little bird pup will be used to his new home.

Of course, he will chew up something of value before he passes that stage of his puppyhood. It never fails. When I



**A good retriever will bring you even birds you didn't kill! Above is a water recovery**

was a young fellow I used to fool with light driving horses. I had three sets of single harness and one set of double harness. Each hung on its special peg in the stable. The lines were doubled and drawn through the rings of the bit and tied. The loops in the reins hung about a foot from the floor. They had hung that way always, and nothing had ever happened to them.

(Continued on page 48)



Springer spaniels rout out and flush game, as well as retrieve it

Both pointer and setter stand rigid in the presence of game birds. The pointer above shows perfect form



# *It's a Kuppenheimer*

*You don't have to see the label.* There's a distinction about a Kuppenheimer suit—plainer than any label—that says the man who wears it will go places . . . in style. For the time being, your Kuppenheimer dealer may have to ask you to wait for your exact choice. But Kuppenheimer clothes are more worth waiting for than ever.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

*Robert Goodman*

# *Thank Goodness for Good Taste*

WE'VE so much to be thankful for here in America—a good way of life...good food like this to enjoy...good whiskey like Seagram's 5 Crown to add to our enjoyment.

For Seagram's 5 Crown is truly a "taste" whiskey...delicate, smooth, full-flavored. Only great whiskies and pedigreed grain neutral spirits, both dis-

tilled to blend perfectly, are used. *Every drop is true pre-war quality.*

Naturally, good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"...because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

**SEAGRAM TAKES THE  
TOUGHNESS OUT...BLENDS  
EXTRA PLEASURE IN**

## **Seagram's 5 Crown**

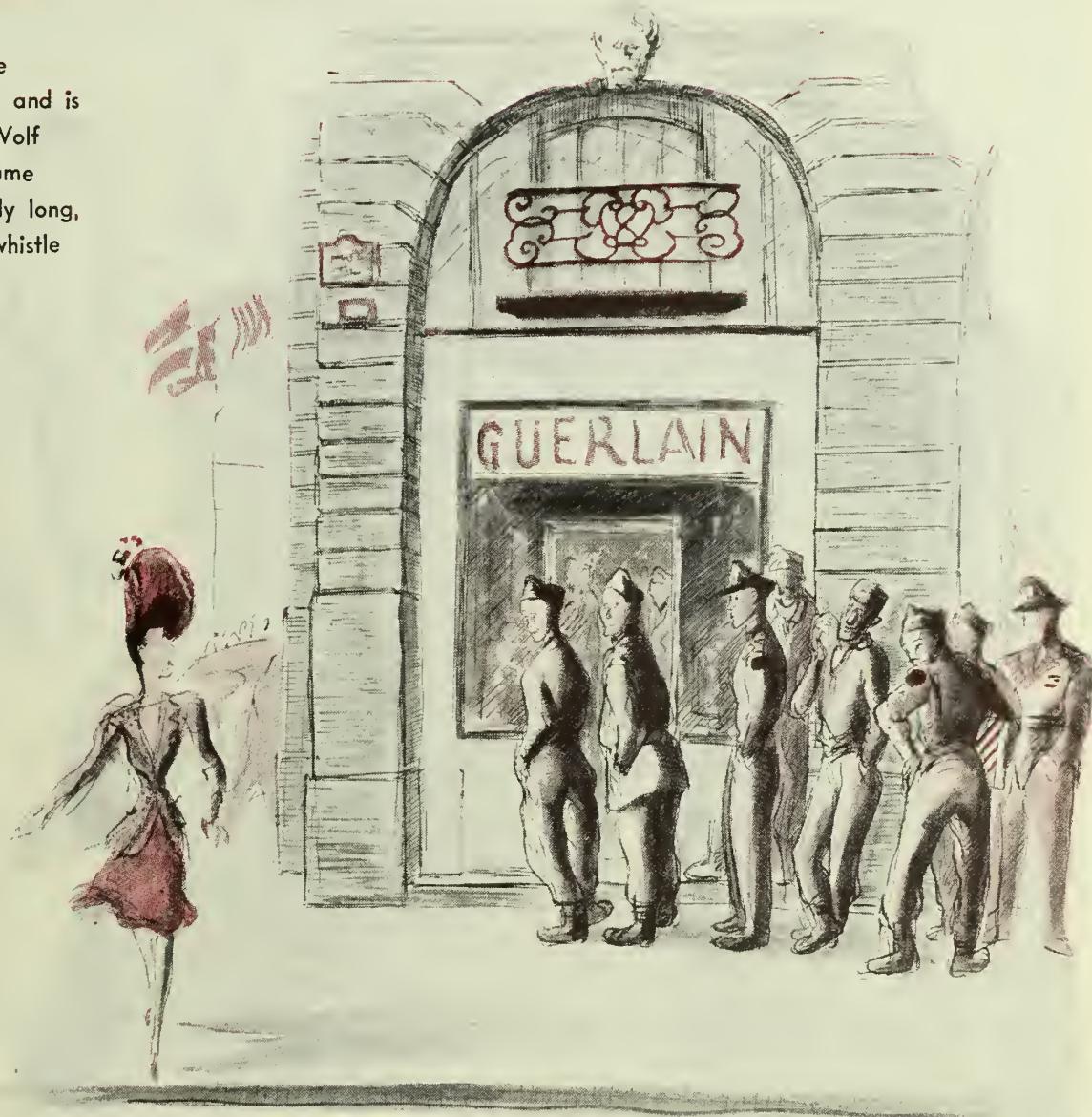
*Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*



Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Bldg., New York

# Paris Is a GI Town

The City of Light is the American soldier's dish, and is he lapping it up! The Wolf Lines outside the perfume bazaars are prodigiously long, and occasionally they whistle while they wait



**By John Groth**

*Paris*

**THERE ARE** two and a half million unwilling American tourists in Western Europe—American soldiers who are “sweating out” what are probably the most monotonous days of their lives. Days of watching Germans. Days of waiting for the answer to their question, “When are we going home?” Other questions are, “How can I get some more points?” “How long am I going to have to play jailer to a lot of krauts?” and “When am I getting to Paris?”

Paris is the one place in Europe a GI goes to as a willing tourist. He has been hearing about Paris ever since he was a small boy. He’s heard stories of the rare

times his dad had in Paris in 1918 on leave. He’s seen movies about Paris. He’s read books about Paris. Paris has been a magic name containing all the fun and romance and nocturnal adventure of Coney Island, Broadway and the thousand and one nights of the Arabian Nights.

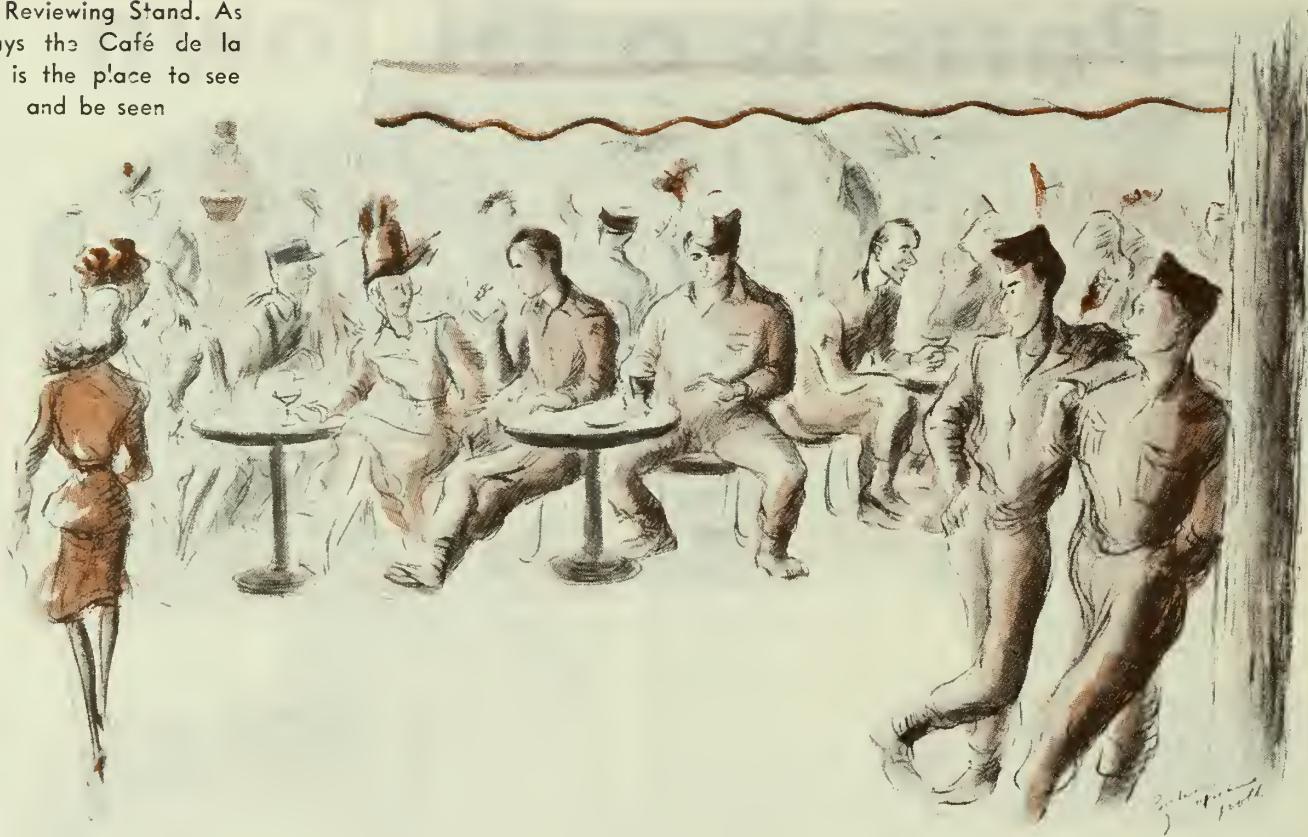
From the photographs in magazines and newsreels the impression has been given that every American soldier in Europe has held a Paris girl on his lap. That, unfortunately, is not true. Most of them have not been to Paris. The comparatively few who have been lucky enough to get to Paris in the past year have spread the romance of the city in barracks and billets every-

*Sketches by the Author*

where in France and Germany. Of course, in the telling of it nothing is lost; in fact, much is added. That bottle of vin blanc becomes a bottle of champagne in a silver bucket. The blowsy blond in a Montmartre doorway becomes a combination of Ginger Rogers and Hedy Lamarr. The Eiffel Tower gains another thousand feet in height.

So when their three-day passes finally arrive the GI and his buddy mount a truck or plane or train and speed to Paris with watch pockets bulging with “beaucoup” francs—the month or two months’ pay they have been saving for this event. Their

**The Reviewing Stand.** As always the Café de la Paix is the place to see and be seen



musette bags are filled with cameras, Luger, and binoculars which can be traded for francs on the "black Bourse" that operates on the sidewalk in front of Rainbow Corner. Their heads are filled with thoughts of Folies Bergere, Louvre, Bal Tabarin, Opera, Casino de Paris, Notre Dame and all the rest. They are probably starting from Germany and have been up against the sixty-four dollar question. Now it doesn't cost anything to ask the question, but it is more fun to ask the question in Paris, even if it does cost a thousand francs, sometimes.

Twenty thousand soldiers arrive in Paris every week, tired, stubble-bearded, and wanting a wash-up and something to eat quick, because they don't want to miss anything. The minutes are ticking by faster than telegraph poles do when you're riding on a train. Facilities have been set up by the Army and the Red Cross in Paris' best hotels. Soft beds, showers, music, ice cream, hot dogs, cokes, and a lot of other things that they haven't had for a very long time are theirs for the asking.

Clean, shaven, and standing tall and brown a head higher than the French around them, the GIs step into the sun of the boulevards eager to begin, but dazed by the vastness of the city. The Red Cross provides rubberneck buses that in a couple of hours cover all the important and famous points in the center of the city. So whether its girls in Montmartre (the action in Montmartre doesn't begin until night anyway) or straight culture that they want, they board

the buses and get a quick look at the Arc de Triomphe, Napoleon's tomb, Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, and the Place de la Concorde. This gives them a chance to get around and note the locations of things they will want to visit later in more detail if they have time, after the girls and wine.

It isn't game time yet so they head for the famous sidewalk cafés they have heard of—the Café de la Paix, the Dome, and the Rotonde. Grab a table on the edge of the pavement if possible and order a drink.

This is something they have all promised themselves they would do—have a drink in a Paris sidewalk café. From a café chair they get a look at the biggest show on earth—the people of Paris. They get a chair-level view of the milk-white legs that pump in and out of short-shorts of the bicycle girls of Paris. That is if they are on the edge of the pavement and don't have to stretch their necks this way and that to see around the three-decker lace hats the midnettes wear. Unreeling before

**The bookstalls on both sides of the Seine get a big play, as they did away back in 1918**



them, like a movie in technicolor, the pageant of Paris.

The best-dressed girls they ever saw, with short white skirts billowing over brown knees, and wearing red shoes, glancing languidly at them. Black Algerians wearing red fezzes; giant Senegalese in yellow zouave pants held up by wide blood-red sashes; little French sailors with red pompoms on their hats; Polish flyers; British Highlanders in kilts; thousands of other Americans wearing the shoulder patches of every outfit in the theater and the many little Frenchmen who live in Paris and are hard to notice because the girls are so pretty—all these stroll by. In the street a dozen kinds of bicycle conveyances; two and three seater tandems; bicycle taxis, peddled by basque-shirted men—immediately behind the rear wheel is attached a low buggy mounted on rubber tires, carrying two or three people.

When the Germans were here they banned these man-drawn taxis, claiming it made *slaves* of men; everything on wheels that can be pulled by a horse from the sixteenth century on—cabriolets, fiacres, two-seater buggies, and farm wagons; automobiles with boiler-like apparatus welded onto the bumpers both fore and aft, machinery that creates combustion with coal or nicotine or something, trot and thump by. Like a real movie, it repeats every



**The Seine Base Pay Section,** where they believe your story. Uncle Sam will get the jack back eventually

couple hours, and after a couple hours they have seen it and want to move on.

It's probably still early afternoon so their feet flow down toward the street and parks along the Seine. Also walking in the streets and parks are the girls of Paris. Contrary to popular supposition, the girls of Paris are mostly nice girls, not so different from the girls at home. They go to school, they must be home for bed, and they wear holy medals—most of them. It's vacation time for them so they have lots of time. They've learned English in



**Venus de Milo,** again visible in the Louvre, attracts ten Americans to one Frenchman. At extreme right, Monsieur John Groth

school, they know Paris—what better guides to Paris?

"Seal voo play Madame-o-zel, direction Eifel Tower," or "Hey, Toots, where's the Arch" is usually enough of an opening to begin an arm-and-arm liaison. Looking as Paris-like as the twin towers of Notre Dame is a six-foot cornhusker from middle America with a five-foot-high French girl, who makes six feet with the aid of three-inch clogs, and nine-inch coiffeur. They stroll, they sit, they neck. The Tuilleries with its green trees and white statuary provides a bower-like setting where the combat man has the new experience of using words of five and six letters and talks of poetry, art and perfume. Something he hasn't done since he left home—if then.

They can't take the girls to dinner—Paris restaurants with their twenty-five-dollar meals are off limits to Americans. Even "beaucoup" francs wouldn't last very long eating Paris food. So the girl goes home to dinner with a promise to be under the statue of the Centaur holding a naked

woman in his arms (and as T/5 Vincent Whelan of Brooklyn, N. Y., put it, "that arrow in the shoulder of that part-horse, part-man guy ought to be there, dragging around a pretty babe like that") the same time the next afternoon, and the GI goes to the Grand Hotel for chicken and ice cream if it's Sunday.

Dinner finished, most of the floating GI population of Paris moves north toward the Place Pigalle or Pig Alley, as it's known in a thousand billets. There the wine and the nocturnal women are most accessible. The GIs every thought is anticipated by thousands of purveyors of drink and limb. Every eye and seemingly every hand is on the bulging watch pocket. In the better places cognac is 100 francs a glass—a glass you couldn't fit your thumb into. The girls that work in the "tenderloin" prefer champagne and that comes to 750 francs, or fifteen bucks a bottle. And everybody you meet is thirsty. It doesn't hurt after the



**In the famous Tuilleries Gardens the camera records a happy moment**

first bottle. You're in Paris, you're an American Monte Cristo, everybody loves you. When there is nobody around any more but your buddy or maybe some other fellows who went through St. Lo and Huertgen Forest with you—you know the watch pocket is empty, and it's time to go back to the hotel.

(Continued on page 34)

Broke, and their dogs ache, but qualified experts on Paris for the next 50 years





They didn't need the  
Nazi flag to work up  
a laugh, but it helped

## HOME BOYS HOME

By ALVIN H. GOLDSTEIN

They'd fought in Europe and they figured  
they'd be fighting the Japs one day, but  
now they were on their way to mom and  
pop and that girl, maybe for keeps



Top Kick Harold A. Rodriguez, Boston,  
flashes a that's-my-baby smile

Ready to board the rattler for the train trip from New Jersey to Ft. Devens, Mass. and the 30-day furlough, no wonder they're happy. They're all New Englanders



**THE OFFICER** in the operations booth barks a sharp command through the loud-speaker. A long, khaki-clad column of nearly a thousand soldiers swings forward toward the troop train—a string of antiquated, uncomfortable coaches barely providing sitting room for passengers, and drawn by a smoke-belching, soot-spitting engine. But to these eager veterans of European battlefields, it has all the beauty of a luxurious streamliner. It is going to take them HOME!

This scene is being repeated almost con-

tinuously each day at the railhead at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, the multi-barracked post of the New York Port of Embarkation. Kilmer is now being utilized as a distribution center for redeployment of some of our troops from the European Theater of Operations to Pacific occupation areas, or, to borrow an apt phrase from the banners of one returning transport, "From E.T.O. to Tokyo."

Overshadowing both of these and all else in importance in the thoughts of the redeploying warriors, there is a thirty-day furlough. For homesick men (they wouldn't like the more accurate term, "homesick heroes") a month of rest and fun is exactly what the doctor ordered.

Scramble aboard a troop train with them. It is about to pull out for a reception center most convenient to their homes where they will receive back pay, a supply of clothing, medical checkup and other routine ministrations, so rapidly that within a few hours after arrival many will be trading handshakes, kisses, yes, and a tear or two perhaps, with those who have awaited the homecoming with almost equal eagerness. What a day, what a beautiful day! There is hardly a man in the packed seventeen-car train who can dismiss it from his mind.

The first thing that impresses itself on the civilian observer is the orderliness of the proceeding. The men have taken places as if they were assigned by seat instead of by coach. Barrack bags are neatly stacked in vestibules, on luggage rails, or when parked necessarily in the aisle have been placed to permit easy passage for anyone walking through the train.

So quickly that it seemed almost by instinct rather than design, soldiers took seats in groups of three or four on facing benches or in pairs, arranging themselves in such manner that buddy traveled with buddy, clique with clique. Glancing along the rows of faces, they seemed to all appearances in age brackets, older men lounging together, younger countenances showing in other

#### Candid Photos by BEN DE BROCKE

groups. For the most part, officers and non-commissioned officers kept to their own cushions, joining, however, at times in conversation or banter with single stripers and other enlisted men seated nearby.

The heat was intensified by the struggle to open windows of the dilapidated coaches, sticking as tightly as when these venerable cars were in common use and such efforts were the subject of standing jokes. Sometimes when a window failed to open, a pane "fell" out—in small pieces. Before long most men had removed shirts and shoes, baring chests to wind and dust. Those on this trip, bound for Ft. Devens, Massachusetts, were spared the usual soot-bath in the early stages of the trip as the train was drawn by electric engine as far as New Haven, Conn.

Once settled, the men reclined as comfortably as their quarters permitted. Here and there a card game popped up or occasionally one heard the click of something beside wheel on rail. Careful search failed to disclose a single newspaper on the train but there was a liberal sprinkling of comic books. Most men just looked from the windows at the countryside spinning by.

"There she is, boy," one would say. Or: "There's that old U.S.A."

"You see it's sort of like this," Staff Sergeant Erwin Hayes of Waterbury Center, Vermont, explained. "We've been so used to seeing torn-up cities, bombed-out towns, smashed buildings and broken houses, that it's wonderful just to see things standing and undamaged. Why, it gives you a great feeling just to pass a bridge that's all in one piece."

"Another thing," someone else chimed in, "all that ground out there is good old American ground. Boy, I wouldn't trade one inch of it for all the land in Europe—and this Division has sure been over most of it."

"I sure didn't leave anything there I  
(Continued on page 50)



Dreaming, no doubt, of lobster, huckleberry pie, and corn on the cob, because these PFCs are from Maine—Earl Osnoe from Kingsman and Dura Delano from Canton



Pasteboards addicts, l. to r., PFCs William Welch, Pittsfield, Mass. and Arthur Lefebvre, Woonsocket, R. I., Sgts. Frank Scales, Worcester, Mass. and Elmer Eaton, Haverhill, Mass.



Apparently the sandwiches hit the spot for Sgt. Dinny Sullivan of Newport, R. I., with knee up at window, and Corp. Kenneth Smith of Walpole, Mass.



Safe aboard the rescue boat, an injured airman receives a morphine injection from the medical technician—an important man of the crew—while on the sick bay litter-lift

# Picking 'Em Out of the Deep

By John J. Noll



Sea-going soldiers—and they're not Marines but Army Air Force men—perform rescue work for flyers downed at sea. Above, one of the 104-foot speedy rescue boats.

**THEY THAT GO DOWN** to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.

So sang the psalmist. That well-worn phrase, "Down to the sea in ships," still conjures up voyages of adventure and romance to the far places of the world. But the ships sung about sailed the surface of the seas. Today it is quite a different problem when ships—planes, we call them now—heavier than the air they sail in and equipped with gear for take-offs and landings on solid ground only, go "down to the sea."

Emergency landings or crashes at sea of the land craft of the Army Air Force too often spelled disaster, with loss of men, and so the Air Force even before we entered this war decided to do something about it. Refusing to rely entirely upon the Navy and the Coast Guard, it organized its own crash boat service to provide prompt and efficient rescue for its planes that fell into offshore waters. From a simple beginning on scattered stations

near air fields along our continental coastlines, the service has developed into a widespread network of crash boat rescue squadrons throughout the battle areas, credited with innumerable rescues. Men trained on the stations at home served and are serving throughout the world.

Section K (Crash Boat), 110th AAF Base Unit (OTU-SRDH), under general command of Mitchel Field, New York, a base of the First Air Force, demonstrated for a group of us the unusual but all-important work that it is doing. This unit, in operation by the Army since November, 1941, has had bases for more than two and a half years at Bay Shore on the ocean side of Long Island and at Port Jefferson on Long Island Sound. The officer in command, Lt. John A. Capestro, told us that this operation under Mitchel Field's direction is responsible for aiding distressed planes in the water area between

New York Harbor and Block Island, Rhode Island. In addition to rendering aid to the many flyers engaged in gunnery and bombing training on Long Island's shores, it has assisted in the rescue of flyers and salvaging of planes engaged in routine field-to-field flights and in one or two instances of inbound trans-Atlantic planes.

An outstanding accomplishment of the Crash Boat detachment has been of a psychological nature—the reassurance given to young flyers being introduced to dive-bombing of ground targets, and to gunner trainees. Those sturdy, speedy crash boats patrolling the ranges have braced the morale of many an airman during his first steps toward actual combat flying.

The Crash Boat shore installation consists of an orderly room, a supply room, mess hall, bath-house and latrine, and the radio "shack"—the nerve center of the base—which is installed in what formerly was the clubhouse of the Bay Shore Yacht Club. This latter building also contains

A Chriscraft, smallest member of the fleet, can speed to the rescue in shallow, near-shore waters



Picked up by an outboard-motored small boat, the injured man is brought aboard the rescue boat carefully by fellow Air Force "sailors"

recreation room facilities for the personnel.

Under direction of Sgt. Stanley G. MacCormack, chief radio operator and mechanic, the radio receiving and sending equipment is constantly monitored by the sergeant and two assistant radiomen. Sometimes calls for aid are received direct from the plane involved, where possible, but often they come from observers on shore, aboard naval, Coast Guard and merchant marine vessels, fishing boats and other craft. Calls are also relayed from the control tower at Mitchel Field. Orders are transmitted immediately by radio to the crash boats on patrol duty.

At the end of the dock, at the time of our visit, a part of the Air Force's fleet of rescue boats was tied up—the rest of the boats being out on patrol duty or laid up for repairs and motor adjustment. One was a powerful, handsome 104-footer, the *P-268*, which with her sister boat, is used on rescue patrols, and can step up to about twenty-eight miles per hour. Another, an 83-footer, the *P-82*, is not quite so speedy, and the third, the *J-647*, a 22-foot Chris Craft which really make time over the waves, is used for rescue work in inshore shallow waters. In addition, there are two 85-foot boats whose speed and equipment are still on the censored list. Alongside the dock, more prosaic in looks and purpose, were two steel barges which are towed to salvage wrecked planes.

The personnel of the Crash Boat Service has been steadily increased through as-

signment of airmen from Mitchel Field—usually men who had seen earlier service in the Navy, Coast Guard or Merchant Marine, had owned boats in civilian life, operated fishing boats or had adopted boats as a hobby. These men were taken from other army duties to fill jobs as deck hands, marine oilers, marine engineers, radiomen, medical technicians, ships cooks and so on. Their seagoing lingo is a strange admixture of army and navy terms. At the time of our visit Section K had a total personnel of two officers, five warrant officers (who serve as masters of the boats), and seventy-two enlisted men.

(Continued on page 42)



In an asbestos suit and with gigantic pliers, a crewman starts out on a rescue mission



Radios at the Crash Boat Base, AAF, are monitored constantly to pick up reports of any planes that are in distress



His man had donned a soiled apron  
and was mopping in back of the counter

# Outsmarted Spy

BY CARL B. WALL

**THIS IS** a spy story minus moonlight, false whiskers, cloak and dagger. There is no beautiful Mata Hari. No desperate cliff-edge struggle. Not a shot is fired. And yet this case is one of the strangest and most intriguing in the annals of the FBI. It is the hunt for a faceless, formless man lost in the swirling, shifting tides of New York city's 8,000,000 humans.

On the night of February 20, 1942, an alert postal censor, scanning mail destined for Portugal, plucked a typewritten sheet from an airmail envelope. He went over the contents quickly. It was an apparently harmless letter—the sort one old friend writes to another. But the address was not harmless. It was one of those listed by counter-espionage agents abroad as a "mail drop" for spies. Once in Portugal, the letter would be picked up by German agents.

Hours later in the Washington laboratories of the Federal Bureau of Investigation an expert in secret ink placed the letter blank side up in an aluminum tray and gently stroked the surface with a chemically-saturated sponge. From the empty whiteness, slowly, as things take shape

out of a fog, secret writing appeared; turning, twisting, curling in the curious hieroglyphics of German handprinting.

In the FBI's cipher room, the lips of the translator were pressed together in a tight, grim line. The message printed in secret ink was information on troopships and freighters making up for convoy in the Port of New York. In the hands of the enemy it would be a threat to the lives of soldiers and seamen and tons of valuable shipping. For this was the bleak February of 1942 when along the Atlantic seaboard the tide washed pathetic wreckage of Allied shipping to our very shores.

The spy must be captured. But what were the clues? A quick check on the re-

**The little, intimate details in Lehmitz's letter didn't seem to furnish any clues. But the FBI patiently pieced them together, and suddenly they had their man**

Drawing by CARL PFEUFER

turn address revealed merely a name picked at random from the New York city directory. An old dodge for making an envelope appear respectable. The laboratory yielded only one fact. The letter had been written on an Underwood three-bank portable typewriter. How many thousands of these have been sold, resold, rented, stolen? It was a thin clue but the FBI doggedly began digging. Special Agents began an almost hopeless check on typewriter sales and rentals in the Greater New York area.

Within the next ten days there was a second letter and then a third. Both, like the first, were potential TNT for U-Boat torpedoes. All three letters had been mailed from New York post offices. Did this mean that the spy definitely lived in New York? And what did he look like? Did he have dark eyes or blue? Was he short or tall? Fat or lean? Usually when police are hunting a criminal they have a description of sorts to go by. The FBI had nothing.

One night a Special Agent mulling over  
(Continued on page 30)



Headquarters Chinese Training Center,  
Kunming

**THE CHINESE ARMY** is not being Americanized—that is a job that might take generations to accomplish—but it is being revitalized and needled to greater command and combat efficiency through training and indoctrination in the American principles of modern warfare, and in the use of modern weapons supplied by the United States.

Much of the process of reconstruction is being accomplished through the Chinese Training Center and its series of seven great schools located in Yunnan and Szechuan Provinces in southern China, where thousands of Chinese officers and men are given thorough training in specialized branches from command and staff down through the ranks to enlisted men who make up the front line troops. Admittedly, the actual training afforded at the schools themselves spreads pretty thin over an army that counts its effectives by millions, but the influence is extended by the use of its graduates as training officers when they are returned to their combat units.

While each of the seven schools maintains a separate identity—the Command and General Staff School, Field Artillery, Infantry, Heavy Mortar, Ordnance, Signal and Interpreters—all are grouped into one unified command under Brig. Gen. John W.

## China's Soldier Schools

BY BOYD B. STUTLER  
American Legion War Correspondent

Middleton, Chevy Chase, Md., as the largest military training and educational program of its kind in the world. Next in line and chief auxiliary to the Chinese Training Center is the Chinese Combat Command under Maj. Gen. Robert B. McClure, Palo Alto, Cal., whose personnel have been in the field with elements of the Chinese Army, particularly those armed and equipped with American materiel and transport, to instruct, advise and assist.

**In seven great installations thousands of Chiang Kai-shek's officers and men are getting instructions in the principles of modern warfare, and are learning to use the newest types of weapons. China will be ready next time**

An American sergeant instructs Chinese soldiers in use of the bayonet, while a lieutenant looks on

The mission of the United States Army in China is easily susceptible of misunderstanding and misinterpretation not only by the people of China and its military high command but by the American people at home. The first duty of the force was to help the Chinese armies get acquainted with the most modern techniques developed in the war, and to supervise the distribution of supplies right up to the troops facing the enemy. Thus the Chinese Combat Command has been a misnomer, since we have had no command whatever over Chinese troops.

China is old and slow to change. Its people are not easily persuaded to adopt new customs and new doctrines, no less its military leaders, many of whom had grown up in the traditions of the German, and even the Japanese, in command, staff and combat formula and principles. It was only natural, then, that when an American training program was proposed which in most part completely reversed the Chinese way of doing things that there was much reluctance to accept the innovation, even grave suspicion that the American Army was seeking to take over. But when the superior

(Continued on page 40)



# Rheumatic Fever: A Challenge

By GEORGE M. WHEATLEY, M. D.

**Dr. Wheatley, Assistant Vice-President, Welfare, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is an authority on diseases of children, in particular, rheumatic fever**

"IN WAR OR PEACE, rheumatic fever ranks high among the most serious, unsolved problems which stand as a challenge to the medical profession and other health workers," says Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General, United States Public Health Services. This disease has long been recognized by the medical profession as a Number One enemy of childhood, but before this war, the average citizen knew very little about it unless it had struck in or close to home. Widespread public interest in this disease has been aroused only in the last few years, mostly as a result of the experience of the armed forces.

In the first place, many people were startled by the number of young men who were rejected for general military service, since 1940 when the Selective Service Act went into effect. When it was estimated that 50,000 of the first 2,000,000 called up were rejected because of rheumatic heart disease, people began to realize not only that rheumatic fever is one of the major

causes of heart disease, but also that it occurs in young adults as well as in children.

As if these representative findings were not sufficiently arresting, outbreaks of rheumatic fever began to occur among the younger men in armed forces training camps in certain localities. As a result, wide-spread interest in rheumatic fever—what it is, and what can be done about it—has developed.

Rheumatic fever is not a new disease. Indeed it was described more than 2,300 years ago by Hippocrates, the father of medicine. But until modern times it was often confused with other rheumatic or arthritic conditions, usually of older people, and was called by a variety of names, the most common of which was "inflammatory rheumatism." At the present time, the store of knowledge gathered bit by bit in the past has been increased by recent intensive studies—some by the Army and Navy—on the cause and prevention of rheumatic fever.

Here are the principal facts which we know about rheumatic fever today:

1. It is an inflammation that attacks a special kind of tissue called connective tissue which occurs in varying amounts in different parts of the body. A great deal of this kind of tissue is present in the heart; therefore, rheumatic fever involves and nearly always damages the heart.

2. It runs in families. In other words, susceptibility to rheumatic fever appears to be inherited.

3. It is a disease which usually begins in childhood. The first attack is most likely to occur between the ages of 5 and 14, although it can also develop for the first time in young adults.

4. It occurs most often under conditions which may lead to the development of streptococcus infections of the upper respiratory tract. Such conditions include overcrowding, inadequate diet, and cold, damp weather which favors frequent chilling.

(Continued on page 57)

## THE CHARTER DECLARES PEACE

(Continued from page 9)

These communications have poured in from every part of the country—from business and professional men, from farmers, labor organizations, educators, church groups, young people in their 'teens.

But they came in largest volume, perhaps, from the mothers and fathers, wives and sisters, of the boys who have poured out their blood on foreign battlefields in order that civilization may survive. They came from men in the armed services who are even now facing an embattled enemy—from GI Joes who are experiencing the wretchedness, the weariness and the sufferings of war, and pray that their sons may be delivered from this curse.

These letters from veterans of the older and the present generations echo the inspiring message of General Eisenhower when he addressed the joint session of Congress upon his return from Europe:

"The soldier knows that in war the threat of separate annihilation tends to hold allies together; he hopes that we can find peace a nobler incentive to produce the same unity.

"He passionately believes that, with the same determination, the same optimistic resolution and the same mutual consideration among the Allies that marshaled in Europe forces capable of crushing what had been the greatest war machine in history, the problems of peace can and must be met."

The central idea of the Charter, and this feature should hold special interest for every fighting man past or present, is that the comradeship of war must be carried forward in a comradeship of peace. If we have been able to fight side by side in killing and destroying, why shall we not league together to save millions of lives, to permit the peoples of the earth to rebuild their tortured lands, and to recreate wasted wealth and shattered homes!

We leagued our armed might for war. Now let us league our moral and material might for peace.

The United States has a high and solemn responsibility toward the new world organization. It was Franklin Delano Roosevelt, our late beloved President, who led the way in creating the cohesive spirit which has characterized the United Nations battle for freedom against the Axis powers. It was President Roosevelt who early conceived the idea of transforming that spirit of unity into a positive and workable force for world peace and security.

For quite another reason we share a peculiar responsibility for making the new Charter a living force. Numerous observers believe that the failure of the United States to ratify the League of Nations Covenant enfeebled it and rendered it impotent from the beginning.

Without the prestige and influence of this

great Republic, powerful in war and powerful in peace, the League seemed doomed to failure from its inception. Even so, it performed many useful services both in settling disputes and in achieving international co-operation on a wide scale. Its experiences, even its weaknesses and failures, have served to light the way for the organization which we have now established.

Although the Charter of the United Nations reflects the united opinion of the peace-loving peoples of the world, I do not proclaim it as perfection. It is not to be expected that fifty nations could agree upon a document whose every line and phrase and paragraph would obtain immediate and universal approval. It does mark a fresh and hopeful start.

It will grow and develop and be revised in the light of experience and in accord with the needs of the nations under inter-

national law and justice and freedom. These principles are embodied in the Charter in luminous and moving words. The Charter must be judged, not in its dissected or dismembered parts, but in its integrated entirety. In that sense it is a monumental performance. We have not seen its like in all history. From time out of mind nations have declared war. Under this great document they declare peace as a way of life that can be permanently achieved.

If nations and individuals will try to understand and abide by its basic principles and aims, we may have a real hope for the future peace and happiness and prosperity of the universe.

Mere documents and phrases cannot of themselves, I realize, prevent war or preserve peace. They must rest upon the will and purpose and desires of the peoples of the world.

Organization, however, can promote these objectives. Comradeship through organiza-

### Private Stuff

by Sullie



Doping it out that his Private Stuff can dream—can't he?—Sullie presents his character en repos, as they say in North Africa, for the benefit of subscribers to *The Gazette*, weekly newspaper of the 1252d BU NAFD ATC, whose headquarters were Cazes Air Base in North Africa. It'll be '46 instead of '47, mates!

tion stimulates and quickens high purposes by diffusing the knowledge that others seek the same ends. Enlightened and compelling world opinion on behalf of law and justice and freedom will give life and vigor to documents and charters.

What can the average American, especially the soldier victims of our two greatest wars, do to promote the objectives of the Charter? I confess that there is no easy answer.

Nevertheless, as members of our respective communities and citizens of the United States, we can be patient and tolerant, realizing that the path to permanent peace is long and hard. We can uphold the hands of our statesmen in their efforts to avoid wars and to use this new machinery to

settle international disputes by pacific means.

We can try to appreciate the difficulties and viewpoints of other nations when world problems and irritations arise in the future. We can think, we can talk, we can pray—above all we can act, we can sacrifice for peace as we have for war. We can remember the similarly inspiring summons and the authentic prophecy of George Washington when, in urging national unity, at a similarly difficult moment, before the Constitutional Convention of 1787, he said: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the rest is in the hands of God."

**EDITOR'S NOTE: Legionnaire Con-**

nally was a member of the American delegation to the San Francisco Conference which adopted the Charter, and presented it to his Senate colleagues after its transmittal to that body by the President. This was in accordance with the provision in the U.S. Constitution which says that the President "shall have power by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur."

The Senators thereupon ratified the Charter by a vote of 89 to 2, on July 28th, thirty-one years to the day after Austria's attack on Serbia touched off World War I.

## OUTSMARTED SPY

(Continued from page 26)

photostatic copies of the original letters was struck by an idea. He found that in reading and rereading the letters he had come to believe certain passages of the clearly-typed sections as fact even though he knew they were intended by the spy as pure camouflage for the secret-ink messages. It was designed to appear as casual gossip, the usual chit-chat of old friends. Most of which, he knew, was probably sheer invention—lie following lie.

And yet he could almost swear that he could tell with certainty when the writer of the letters was lying and when he was telling the truth. It was about the little things, the inconsequential trivia of everyday life that the spy seemed to be truthful. Suppose each of these little things were jotted down and the whole put together? Would it help? Would it at least be a beginning in this hunt for a shapeless man?

With a surging sense of excitement, the Special Agent reached for pencil and notebook, began extracting scraps of sentences from the three letters. Within half an hour, he had jotted down these things which he believed to be true:

X owns a dog which has been ill with distemper. X has a regular job. X leaves his home about seven or eight o'clock every weekday morning. X wears eyeglasses. X recently had his eyeglasses changed.

Now that the idea was actually on paper the hunch seemed even stronger. The agent phoned Washington and talked hurriedly with the man who had the job of co-ordinating the hunt. Had there been any more letters from X? Two more intercepted? Good. Swiftly, he outlined his idea. If enough little facts could be ferreted out of the letters, the image of the invisible man might be created from the words of the spy himself.

The Agent in Charge knew an idea when he heard one: "Grab the next plane down here. We'll go over these two other letters tonight."

Behind the blackout curtains of the De-

partment of Justice Building in Washington, the two men hunched over the latest spy letters. By midnight, the Special Agent's notebook showed these additional believed-to-be facts:

X is married. X was recently ill with pneumonia. X owns his own home. X is an



"All right! I concede the fact it's a new radiator!"

air-raid warden in his community. A telephone call to the library of a New York newspaper added one more fact: there were 98,338 air raid wardens in New York City.

"That's a heck of a lot of air-raid wardens," grinned the Agent in Charge, "but it's a lot better than 8,000,000 John Does. We've at least got a toenail hold."

With grim tenacity, the FBI began the heroic task of checking each and every one of those 98,338 air-raid wardens. How many own homes? How many are married? Which wear spectacles? How many own dogs?

As the spy letters came in, the image of X began to take shape somewhat in the manner of a photographic print emerging under the developing solution. One by one, these things believed to be true were added to the list:

X has a victory garden. He plans to plant tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots and string beans. X's home is threatened by mortgage foreclosure. X wants to own a chicken farm. X does the family shopping.

The shadow of the invisible spy was still terribly thin and indefinite but it was a shadow that could no longer be cast by millions. Hard-working FBI agents, day by day, night by night, cut the figure. 98,000 . . . 88,000 . . . 81,000. But even 81,000 is a lot of people. The biggest crowd Yankee Stadium ever held was 71,000.

Four weeks of this steady grind of interviewing, eliminating, checking, and re-checking passed. On the night of April 14th, the twelfth letter was intercepted. From it the investigators plucked this apparently innocent, nostalgic passage:

"It is very warm here and the trees are beginning to bud. The spring always reminds me of that wonderful week we spent along the beach at Estoril . . ."

Estoril! The FBI knew Estoril. A resort a few miles outside Lisbon, Portugal, it was a clearing house for German espionage agents. But the impressive fact was that X had once spent a springtime there. Could that mean that X had sailed for the United States from the port of Lisbon since the outbreak of the war in Europe? Since 1940, Lisbon had been the escape hatch of Europe.

There was a hurried conference. What was the best way to check every citizen and alien entering the United States from Lisbon since the spring of 1941? There was no photograph to compare with passport photographs. No fingerprints to compare. No name. Not even an alias. Then one of the Agents clicked:

"We have a fairly good specimen of X's handwriting—the signature on the letters—Fred Lewis. That's a phoney name but the handwriting isn't phoney because it's almost as hard to disguise your handwriting as it is to change your fingerprints."

The others listened intently.  
"Every person entering the United



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★ ★ \*

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★ ★ \*

98% of farm products leaving farms move by truck.

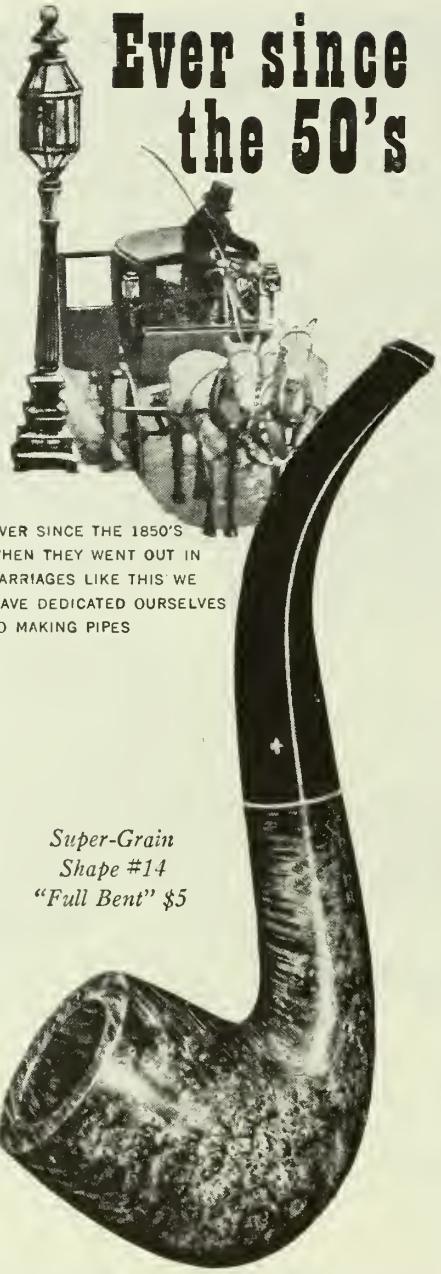
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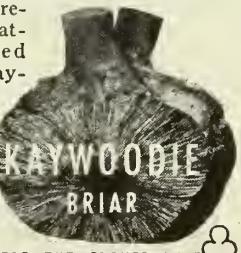


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YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND  
THE NEWEST AND BEST  
IN KAYWOODIE. LOOK FOR THE CLOVER LEAF

States," the Agent continued, "must fill out a baggage declaration for customs and these are kept on file at the U. S. Customs Office in New York. Why couldn't our boys go through them and compare the handwriting on the declarations with the signature of Fred Lewis? It might be a terrible job but so is everything else in this case."

Next morning, FBI handwriting experts, armed with photographic copies of the hunted spy's handwriting, began working their way through the thousands upon thousands of accumulated forms in the New York Customs Office. The spring of 1941 had been the high tide of the refugee flood out of Lisbon. The handwriting on baggage declarations was a weird assortment—Polish, German, French, Dutch, Russian, Lithuanian . . .

It was slow and painstaking work. Each letter of the alphabet in the signature of the spy messages had to be compared with each letter on the declaration forms. The work of the handwriting expert is an exact science. Clues hang on the slightest twist of an E or the looping of an L. Each of the forms had to be examined with meticulous care. There could be no rushing through this search.

For days the experts burrowed their way through the mountainous stacks. Would it be this one? Or perhaps the next one?

And this was only one phase of the great manhunt which was now in full swing. Throughout New York, in Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver—every possible angle, every scrap of information that had been sweated from those 12 letters was being checked and double-checked.

As month followed month, the 98,338 air-raid wardens were cut to a mere 40,000—the population of Calumet, Michigan, or Bangor, Maine. How long would it take to make a house-to-house canvass of those cities? FBI agents get their answers by asking questions, waiting, humoring silent ones and enduring talkative ear benders. Every phase of the investigation consumed precious time.

At nine o'clock on the night of June 9, 1943, a Special Agent who had been on this case for 14 months, picked one more form from the stacks in the U. S. Customs Office. This was the 4881st form that had been examined with microscopic care since

the start of the search. But to him, at first pick, just another form.

Suddenly, as his tired eyes focused on the signature at the bottom of the sheet, all the weariness of the 14-month-old grind vanished. He reached for his magnifying glass. Yes. He was sure of it. There was the same looping E. The same slanting F. The identical sloping S. Like a man who has struck gold the expert startled his colleagues with a bellow only one note short of a warwhoop.

That night in the Washington laboratory, the signature was photographed, the prints enlarged to eight times the original size and compared with the spy letters. The experts were sure now. At 1:45 A.M. the telephone rang in the FBI's New York Field Office: "Check the name of an Ernest F. Lehmitz."

The remaining names on the list of air-raid wardens—still about 30,000—were consulted. On it was the name Lehmitz—123 Oxford Place, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, New York.

Less than an hour later Special Agents strode down the gangplank of the ferry from Manhattan to Staten Island. A blustering show of automatics? A duel in the dawn? A fight to the death in the arm of the Statue of Liberty? Nothing quite so simple.

There are other questions to be answered. Are there accomplices? Does the spy have means of communication with Berlin? Where and how is he getting his information? Spies seldom talk after they are arrested. And there was another factor. Spies get a trial in this country and there will be a jury to be convinced. Evidence must be accumulated.

Throughout the night, FBI Agents watched the house in Oxford Place. At seven-fifteen, a tall, spare man wearing spectacles walked out of the door and hurried along the street. One of the FBI men casually followed him. Not far from the house, the suspect turned into a restaurant.

Despite the early morning hour, the restaurant was filled with waterfront workers, soldiers, sailors. The agent waited for a few minutes and then went inside. Over his coffee cup, he watched. His man had donned a soiled apron and was mopping the floor in back of the counter. He seemed to be about



# At what age are you old?

Time was when a boy turned man in his early teens. And not long ago a man or a woman was considered to be really "getting along" at forty—now we are told that forty is the age at which life begins.

It is true that the average baby born today will live fifteen years longer than the baby born in 1900, and twice as long as the baby of a century ago. And it is happily true that the death rate from pneumonia, tuberculosis, and other dread diseases has been greatly reduced. Nevertheless, deaths from causes aggravated by worry and strain have multiplied alarmingly—in fact, average life expectancy *at the age of forty* is now only two years longer than it was in 1900!

A great part of present-day worry and strain is due to fear of financial insecurity—fear of a future without

adequate means of support. And a great part of it could be relieved, in many cases, through a sound program of Prudential life insurance—for Prudential provides protection against the unknown future, protection which should be built up during years of vigor and health.

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for a Good Sock*"  
WHEN YOU SAY

Westminster



"*You're asking  
for a Good Sock*"  
WHEN YOU SAY

Westminster



"*You're asking  
for a Good Sock*"  
WHEN YOU SAY

Westminster



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FAMOUS AMERICAN

★ SOCKS ★

55 with mild blue eyes and wispy brown hair. For a moment, the agent felt that he had seen him somewhere before and then he suddenly realized that this man was like any handyman in any diner in the United States. You wouldn't look at him twice—he was just a sparrow among thousands of sparrows.

In the restaurant men were talking. Car-goes. Ship movements. Sailing dates. Paratroopers. Infantry. Liverpool. Anti-aircraft batteries. Ireland. The agent drained his coffee cup and went out.

For the next 16 days and nights, the spy was shadowed. Special Agents dressed as workingmen, posing as salesmen and talkative barflies unearthed one damning fact after another—damning because they jibed so perfectly with the gossip and chit-chat of the spy letters. The image of the spy was being compared with the flesh and blood.

Neighbors like to talk:

"Ernie? Sure, I know Ernie. He's *air-raid warden* for the block and you should have heard how he bawled everyone out for not dimming lights. Ernie takes the war seriously."

"Ernie? A very kind-hearted guy. *He had a dog that died of distemper* last summer and you'd have thought he'd lost his best friend."

"Ernie Lehmitz? Got one of the best *victory gardens* on the Island."

"Too bad the bank foreclosed on that *mortgage*."

"Sure I know him. He usually stops in here for a glass of beer on the way home. He's a quiet kind of guy; about all he talks about is the *chicken farm* he's going to buy one of these days."

Slowly, the noose tightened. At eight o'clock on the morning of June 27, 1943, one

year, four months and seven days after the first letter had been intercepted, Lehmitz was brought into the FBI offices. He was shown the 12 letters, the great mass of evidence so painfully accumulated. The avalanche of facts was too much. He quit cold. That night he signed a complete confession.

He had first arrived in the United States in 1908 as clerk in the German Consulate in New York. There had been several trips to Germany. During the last, in 1938, he had been recruited by the German espionage system, trained in the use of secret inks and the labyrinthine ways of the spy. He was ordered to return to the United States in the spring of 1941, find steady employment, pose as a good citizen, to lose himself among millions.

In his confession, Lehmitz implicated another spy, Erwin Harry DeSpretter. The second and third agents to be tried under the wartime espionage statute, they both were sentenced to 30-year terms of imprisonment.

How well Lehmitz had played his role of John Doe was indicated a few weeks after his arrest when many of his Staten Island neighbors, hearing that he was in "some kind of trouble," dropped in to offer Mrs. Lehmitz their sympathy and help. One of the women, who had a son in the service, said:

"It can't be anything very bad. Why, that Ernie Lehmitz wouldn't hurt a flea."

But to the FBI, the trapping of this unspectacular, stoop-shouldered, mild-mannered spy had been one of the most tedious jobs of World War Two. A dramatic, cloak and dagger spy is duck soup. A spy who rides the subways and wears rubbers may not be glamorous—but he's a thousand times harder to catch.

## PARIS IS A GI TOWN

(Continued from page 21)

It's the second day and you haven't seen the Folies Bergere or the Bal Tabarin, and it costs francs to see them. So the souvenirs in your musette bags, which you sometimes risked booby-trapped death for, are on sale. They are not hard to sell. From the minute you stepped out onto the boulevard the day you arrived, Frenchmen have been following you around as if you were the Pied Piper, offering anything from 500 to 10,000 francs for the camera you're carrying. They want your cigarettes, your shirts, anything.

As one GI put it, "We shoulda come naked so we wouldn't notice the cold going back." Now if the money will last till night-fall you will see these shows. If you didn't have any souvenirs and you're still broke, you discover all the free entertainment that has been provided for you. There is vaudeville at the Olympia; dancing (girls provided) at Rainbow Corner, Grand Hotel, and the Joes and Janes Club at the American Legion's Pershing Hall, with beer and wine provided at GI prices at all three.

The money from the sale of the Luger cameras and binoculars is usually gone with the dawn of the third and last day. You haven't bought the presents for Mom and Dad and the girl back home but you can retrieve the moneyless situation by getting an advance on your next month's pay at the finance office.

Cpl. James Harris, of Granville, Ill., was negotiating an advance when I visited the





## And the First Thing He'll Ask for is MILK!

It's part of the American Way of Life our boys missed overseas . . . a part in which America's trucks play a leading role.

Fresh milk has been hard to provide for soldiers overseas . . . largely because European countries lack modern highway transportation systems.

Here in America, nearly 90% of the milk supply is handled by truck.

**JOBs FOR VETERANS**—American trucking lines are already providing new well-paid jobs for thousands of returning veterans like the boy in the picture above. For them we have prepared a new booklet "Getting into the Trucking Business". Free on request.

And trucks bring in all of the milk to 34 of America's biggest cities.

Modern trailerized milk tank trucks avoid costly, time-consuming handling . . . insure quick, sanitary delivery at lower cost.

In transporting dairy products and other foods, household goods and clothing—practically everything you eat, use or wear—America's independent trucking systems provide

quicker, more direct, lower-cost transportation.

Mass-production of quality goods—combined with the fast, economical distribution that only modern highway transportation can deliver—has made the American standard of living possible.

*It's a standard well worth fighting for. And every returning veteran agrees—it's a wonderful way of life to come home to!*

**THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY**  
AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.





Commander

Style 2301  
Brown Highland  
Stout Leather Sole  
Rubber Heel



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*Most Styles*

\$10 to \$13.50



Commander

Style 2308  
Brown Scotch Grain  
Stout Leather Sole  
Rubber Heel



Finance Office on the Place de L'Opera, "I always thought that I'd like to send a black negligee (without occupant of course) home, but they want seventy-five dollars and the twenty bucks I'm drawing now won't make it come true. Guess it will have to be perfume."

Just about the only thing on which the price is right is perfume. The "Battle of Chanel No. Five" has been fought long and hard up and down the boulevards since the day of Liberation. Captains and colonels stand in long queues with enlisted men buying Chanel No. 5. Girls living on farms in Minnesota and girls living in the hills of Kentucky are scented with Chanel. I've been told that the German soldiers fought a similar battle in Paris and maedchen in Silesia and Pomerania might have been using Chanel No. 5 to draw the sixty-four-dollar question.

Half the fun of doing anything or going any place is reminding the people you know who aren't with you that you are there. Postcards are the quickest and cheapest way. Literally millions of views of Notre Dame, the Arc de Triomphe, and Eiffel Tower and the hotel where you are staying with an "X" marked on the window of your room, have been sent.

It's the last afternoon and there is only time for a buggy ride and maybe to see the Venus de Milo and Mona Lisa at the Louvre. The buggy ride is expensive and you can't ride very far.

Watch pockets flat against hips, bodies tired, feet like lead, musette bags empty, the GI's climb aboard the trucks and planes and trains that will take them back to monotonous waiting. Waiting lightened by a thousand memories of Paris.

Sgt. Peter E. Curry, former Rockford, Ill., sanitary Engineer, sort of summed it all up. "I had a wonderful time, best time I ever had. What a city! But, I'd trade it and all Europe too, for one old sewer back in Rockford."

**QUITTER**

(Continued from page 11)

K. P., drill, weapons practice, camp This, and camp That, men and officers and non-coms and maneuvers in Louisiana, and more drill and weapons training, new men, new buddies, new faces and new places, drill and work and learn. . . .

The wooden shacks of the embarkation port, the stinking, stifling bowels of the giant troop-ship, gray by day, black by night, the misty green of a foreign shore; march and ride and drill and maneuver, and learn, men, men, men, privates and non-coms and officers, friends and enemies, good guys and stinkers, workhorse and goldbrick.

The shooting war, death on the beaches, death in the hedgerows, death overhead, death underfoot, march, ache, sweat, fear, ride, duck, shiver, quake, eat, march, hate, love, march, drag your feet, fall in a hole, shoot your rifle, fear to die, wish you were dead, new buddy, wounded buddy, dead buddy, new buddy, towns with names, rubble with names, Valognes, Montbourg, Cherbourg, St. Lo, Argentan, Mortain, dead Krauts in the Falaise pocket, dead Americans on the roadside, fight, shoot, get hurt, hospital smell, nurse, clean sheets, back again, more names, Huertgen Forest, Meuse, Rhine, Cologne, tired . . . where the hell are the Russians . . . ? Hey, it's over! They surrendered! How many points ya got? Boy, we're goin' home!

And when a boy goes through that as Billy Quigley did with top sergeant's stripes, he doesn't come home the same dumb kid he was when he went away. He's seen everything and done everything. A lot of questions have been asked and he knows all the answers.

Home to brown-haired Honey and Junior, that he hadn't seen, small flat, kitchen smell, Honey smell, baby smell, future plans. . . .

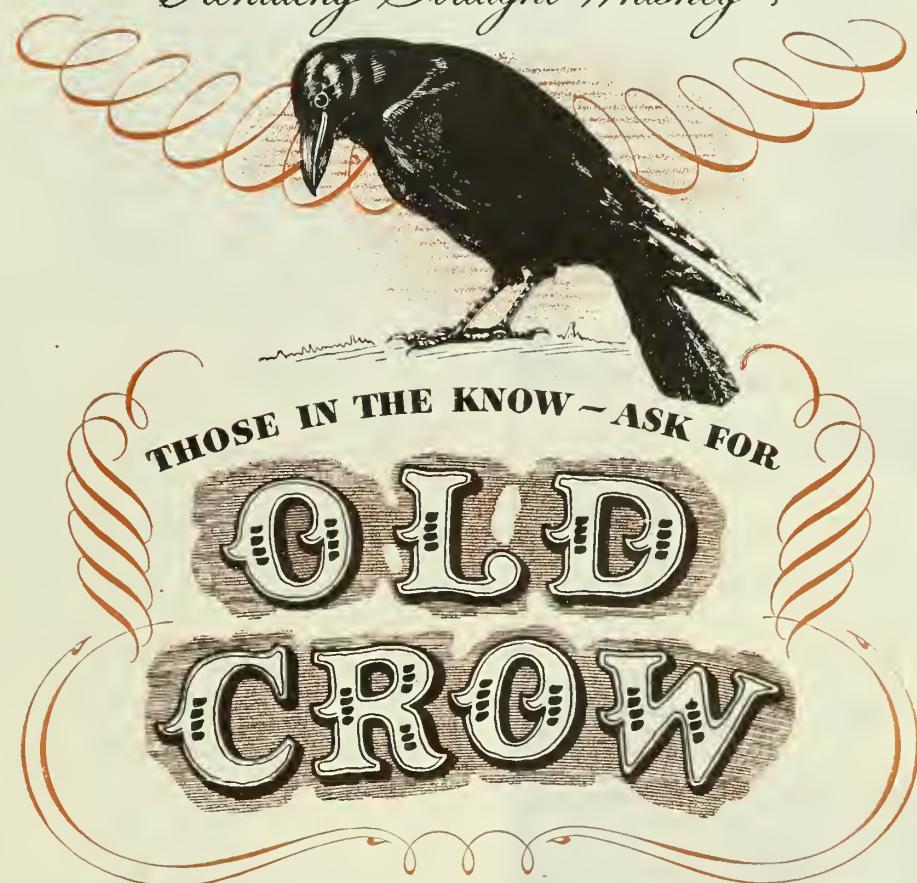
Honey said, "Billy, you won't go back fightin' again, will ya?"



"What do you mean you can't handle it; someone can use it as a watch fob!"

# One Hundred years ago

*Colonel James Crow taught  
Kentucky distillers how to make fine  
Kentucky Straight Whiskey*



*A Truly Great Name  
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES*

The same quality that founded Old Crow's reputation is yours to enjoy in every drop of this famous whiskey today. Now, as for a century past, Kentucky

Straight Bourbon that is surpassingly good.

**TODAY AS FOR GENERATIONS,**

*Bottled-in-Bond*

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

# TRAIN FOR SUCCESS WITH I. C. S.

## MECHANICAL COURSES

Aeronautical Engineering  
Airplane Drafting  
Flight Engineer  
Heat Treatment of Metals  
Industrial Engineering  
Inventing and Patenting  
Machine Shop Practice  
Mechanical Drafting  
Mechanical Engineering  
Mold-Loft Work  
Patternmaking  
Reading Shop Blueprints  
Sheet Metal Drafting  
Sheet Metal Worker  
Sheet Metal Drafting  
Shop Practice  
Steel Mill Workers  
Shirtmaking  
Weather Observing  
Welding, Gas and Electric

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Architectural Drawing  
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Building Estimating  
Building Surveying  
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Contracting and Building  
Civil Engineering  
Highway Engineering  
Lumber Dealer  
Sanitary Engineering  
Structural Drafting  
Structural Engineering and Mapping

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Chemistry, Analytical  
Chemistry, Industrial  
Chemistry, Mfg., Iron and Steel  
Plastics  
Pulp and Paper Making

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Electrical Engineering  
Electric Utilities  
Practical Electrician  
Power House  
Electrician  
Practical Telephony  
Telegraph Engineering

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Radio Operating  
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Bookkeeping  
Business Correspondence  
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**True for 53 years:**  
**TODAY'S I. C. S. STUDENT**  
**IS TOMORROW'S LEADER!**  
—and never truer than today  
• The Future belongs  
to the Trained Men!  
ACT NOW TO  
JOIN THEM

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Please send me complete information  
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(Write above the subject in which you are interested)

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Present Position \_\_\_\_\_

Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. to \_\_\_\_\_ P.M.

Discount to Discharged Veterans—Special Tuition Rates for Members of the Armed Forces.

"Not me. I got it all doped out. I'm gonna grab a year in a radio engineering school. Then me and a buddy are gonna start a business."

"Promise, Billy?"

"I promise."

Then the old gang, Sammy Fox. Glad to see Billy. Glad to have his meal ticket back, glad to start cutting those purses up the middle again after expenses deducted. "How ya, boy, fit? Got a match for ya!"

"Not for me you ain't. I'm through with the ring. Promised the old lady . . . and the kid. . . ."

Through with Sam Fox? Oh no! Not that easy. The Fox can whine and whimper as well as bark. Hard times. Nobody left in the stable. Broke and in debt. Just take the one shot to get him off the hook. For old time's sake. "Remember what I done for ya. Ya gotta help me out. . . ."

It didn't sound the same any more. Where Billy had been, men didn't talk like that. But where he had come from you helped out a guy who was in trouble because maybe you'd be in trouble tomorrow. Thus—

"Arena, Friday night. Main event, Ten Rounds, Jack Palumbo, challenger for Red Kline's World's Welterweight Championship, vs. Fighting Billy Quigley, 'The Crowd Pleaser,' Ten Rounds."

Honey cried all night.

And so he was in the ring again under the white arcs, with the red leather gloves tied to his hands and Sam Fox and Gookie the handler in his corner, and white faces looking up from the ringside, the referee standing on the ropes, his heart thumping in his chest, just like it always had been. This is where we came in. Go out, punch, feel the crash of hide-wrapped bone against his face and body, go down, get up, swing blindly, choked with sweat and blood, the old Fox waiting back in the corner with the sneer on his face.

Only now it was different. A lot different.

He knew all the answers. He knew all about the Fox. He knew all about himself. The scene and the sound and the smell were the same, but it wasn't the same Quigley.

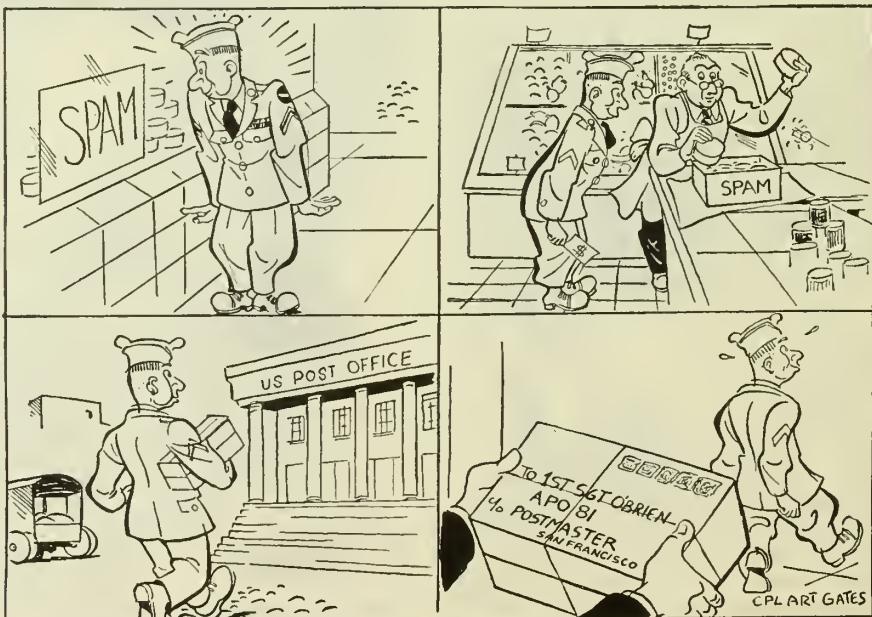
All around him were buddies, guys with whom he had soldiered. Not at the ring-side, but scattered through the night darkness over the land. He was not alone. He belonged to a great club. They had written him things they had come across. Ed, from Pittsburgh: "I heard Fox got the match by telling Augie you wasn't in good shape on account of your wound not being healed." Joe from Chicago: "The Fox got a deal on for you to fight Red Kline if you win, but you got to lay down to him. Fox gets the dough for the dive." Mort, from Pasadena: "Honey's sister here says Sam Fox made forty grand at the races, back in 1943, but wouldn't stake Honey a dime when the kid was coming and she almost lost it . . ."

The single, the double and the triple cross. The old push-around, only now nobody would ever push him around again. He was fighting one fight to get Fox off the hook and Fox already had him signed to meet Kline. He wished Honey hadn't come. He wished she would dry her eyes.

The bell. The old lurch forward off the stool, the old whistle of the breath through the nose, the old memories and the old habits. But the old habits lived in a new Quigley home from the wars.

Palumbo was a cinch. Billy never felt so strong, or so sure. Rounds went by. He wasn't hurt. He wasn't getting hit. Somewhere in the fifth there was a yell and Palumbo was on the deck. When he got up, Billy full of battle lust and joy in his strength measured him. He didn't think Palumbo would get up again. But he did and stood reeling there in front of him helpless while the arena rocked and the Fox screamed "Finish him! Finish him!" One punch . . .

Billy didn't let it go. Uhuh! Battle lust! Killer instinct! Sock 'em when they're help-



less. There was something else he had brought back with him from the wars. Pity. All guys in your outfit and uniform were good Joes, until they proved themselves otherwise, trying to get along, trying to stay alive. Palumbo was just another Joe, a guy trying to get along. Billy had seen guys look like that from concussion, or after they'd stopped a bullet and hadn't started to bleed yet.

In the clinch Palumbo dug his left over Billy's scar. No steam behind it. But it caught the adhesions within, and was like a bayonet thrust. Billy cautiously dropped to one knee to take nine until the pain should pass. The bell rang at eight and he got up and went to his corner to be met by the Fox who screamed—

"You yellow bastard! You're trying to quit! I oughta bust you with the bottle." Yellow, yellow, quitter, filthy name, yellow filthy name! Trying to quit!

Something went quite cold inside Billy. He thought: "Listen to what that dirty old man is saying to me, and all those brave guys out there hollering."

The ringsiders, catching fire from the Fox's obscene antics, were shouting, "Oh, you're yeller! You wanna dog it! You lousy bum!" as the bell rang for the sixth round and he came off his stool to meet Palumbo.

Aachen, Bastogne, winter in the Ardennes, minnewerfers, burp guns and phosphorus shells and the mine that blew his lieutenant to jelly in front of him; the Silver Star and the Purple Heart, and the good guys all through the outfit, the scared guys, so scared they were braver than lions, the world where everyone was scared and nobody was yellow.

Look at those white, twisted faces down there bawling at him. This was a queer place back home with some funny people in it. And Honey was crying. Yellow, was he? Sam Fox's dumb stooge, eh? Okay, he'd show 'em something.

Palumbo, still dizzy, shuffled over and thrust his left paw feebly against Billy's breastbone, a shove more than a punch.

#### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATL. HQTS. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT, MARCH 31, 1945

<i>Assets</i>	
Cash on hand and on deposit .....	\$1,230,255.68
Accounts receivable .....	159,537.87
Inventories .....	129,946.26
Invested funds .....	3,226,525.59
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	247,316.41
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund...	309,538.59
Office Bldg. Washington, D. C.—less depreciation .....	127,651.74
Furniture, fixtures and equipment,—less depreciation .....	57,905.54
Deferred charges .....	57,342.52
	5,546,110.20
<i>Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth</i>	
Current liabilities .....	\$ 116,579.70
Funds restricted as to use.....	65,099.07
Deferred revenue .....	812,600.43
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.. \$ 247,316.41	
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund .....	309,538.59 556,855.00
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital ... \$3,185,825.59	
Unrestricted Capital .. 809,090.41 3,994,916.00	
	5,546,110.20

DONALD G. GLASCOFF, National Adjutant



*Their Postwar Plans  
are READY...*

We at home must make sure that their hopes have every chance of **SUCCESS!**

★ There's nothing fuzzy about their ideas . . . the boys doing the sweating and fighting are CERTAIN about what they want.

First, they want OPPORTUNITY . . . as guaranteed by the American way of life. That's what they've been fighting for. They want a chance to be successful in whatever work they choose. They want to live under a system of *free enterprise* that lets a man reach the summit of his talents and ambition.

That's little enough to ask . . . but it's more than we can guarantee unless America reaches new heights of prosperity. It's OUR obligation to see that she does.

There is no short cut to prosperity. It is simply a matter of JOBS . . . enough jobs to go around.

Jobs MAKE prosperity . . . and SELLING makes jobs.

#### JOB OPPORTUNITIES WILL DEPEND ON GOOD SELLING

Yes, this nation is going to be up against a sales job—the biggest ever. We're going to have to sell 140 billion dollars worth of goods a year to provide all of those millions of jobs which will be needed to assure the prosperity we all want . . . to assure the opportunities returning veterans deserve.

All of which presents a challenge . . . but also opportunity—because in selling, real fighters will find a field in which the only limitations are imposed by a man's own ability and determination.

**BOWES**



If you have a boy or friend in service—who is now making his postwar plans—have him write us for information about making a successful career of salesmanship. We'll tell him about our plan for training and taking into our own organization a limited number of veterans. We're going to do our part toward creating those job opportunities on which postwar prosperity depends.

**BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA**

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New Scientific Book Tells How

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Would you like to conquer fear, trouble and worry? Not by a miracle, but by your own common sense, under the guidance of an eminent professor of psychology. This book, "How To Relax," is not an ad; for only men of science could have written it. Yet, it is done with a light, humorous touch. It explains you to yourself: how to "type" your own personality; how to learn which form of relaxation—which hobby, sport or game best fits your "type." This book is not only written for the millions of people who have owned a Buck Skein Joe, but for all, everywhere—it's yours for the asking.

It's FREE.

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WOOL  
LIGHT  
WEIGHT

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**BUCK SKEIN JOE**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It's fall and our friend above wears this 100% wool lightweight shirt—for business or sports. This small pin check, in tan or oatmeal shade, harmonizes with street or sport clothes.

Only fine white wool can be dyed in clear, pure color. Only top quality 100% wool can be woven so fine that the cloth looks and drapes like a dress shirt. The collar fits low on the neck for comfort and style; its points are sharp as a pencil. All parts dovetail for fit.



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I want to "Relax And Be Happy" so send me  
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40

Quietly and deliberately, unhurt, Billy smiled and dropped to both knees where he was counted out in front of all the yelling, jeering, screaming faces, counted out quitting the ring on his knees for Honey in front of all those people in a supreme gesture of contempt, because there wasn't any of them, or any single thing in the whole world of which he was afraid any more.

When Billy returned to his corner, the Fox and Gookie were gone, but Honey had half climbed the steps crying, "Billy . . .

Billy, are you hurt?"

He bent through the ropes, grinning. "Not me. But the Fox is, bad."

The crowd: "Booooo! You yeller bum . . ."

Not quite did Honey understand all that had happened, but the feeling that Billy had done something for her, the instincts inside her were womanly warm and good. She threw her arms tightly about her husband's neck and said, "Billy . . . I think you're the bravest man in the whole world . . ."

## CHINA'S SOLDIER SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 27)

field performance and stark fighting qualities of American-trained Chinese Divisions was thoroughly demonstrated in the Salween campaign—the first great sustained offensive carried on by the Chinese Army in centuries—much of the objection vanished.

The Salween campaign made the opening of the Stilwell Road possible and turned a stream of motorized traffic carrying essential supplies to the Chinese armies in the field. At the conclusion of the campaign when the superiority of the American-trained, armed and indoctrinated units in their performance in both field and staff had been completely demonstrated. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek said: "The results of the teachings are already evident in the improvements shown. The training the Americans are giving the Chinese must inevitably bring about the defeat of the common enemy much sooner than otherwise would be the case."

It was not until late 1942 that the Field Artillery and Infantry Schools were set up in Yunnan Province, but neither got underway until the spring of 1943, operating as independent units to train complete regiments in the use of arms and equipment supplied by the United States Army. And it was not until January, 1945, that the full training program was unified in one command under General Middleton.

From the very first the training centers had a fight for existence, and that so much has been accomplished in so short a time is really amazing. At the beginning there were obstacles that seemed almost insurmountable: first, and perhaps most formidable, was the reluctance of higher ranking Chinese officers to accept new methods, and only second was the problem of supply. China was almost completely isolated by the Japanese blockade, its ports and harbors and even the supply route over the Himalayas to Burma were securely held by the enemy. The Chinese and the United States forces operating in China were at the end of the longest supply route in military history, where everything from weapons and ammunition for demonstration purposes and to equip the troops to corned beef and shoelaces had to be flown in over

the "Hump" of the Himalayas from Burma.

Then there was the language barrier and the lack of text-books. Ninety percent of the men and student officers do not speak the English language and many of them, coming from different sections in China, can not converse with each other.

"After a full year of field artillery and infantry training the instructors were agreed on two things," said a spokesman for the Training Center. "They were agreed that the Chinese soldier has guts and stark fighting qualities, and only needs arms and training, and they were agreed on certain weaknesses in the command and staff. The training program had started at the wrong end—it had to start at the top and go down to the bottom if anything worth while was to be accomplished."

The Command and General Staff School is a little Fort Leavenworth transplanted into a foreign country where majors to major generals sit through long hours in the class room mastering intricate and involved problems and listening to lectures on which each instructor is required to put in twenty hours of preparation for each hour of instruction. The school is directed by Col. Elbert W. Martin, New Orleans, La., as the American commandant.

At this school, as in all the others, distinguished soldiers of the Chinese high command are assigned as commandants of the Chinese student officers and troops. Lt. Gen. Hsiao I-Shu, Chief of Staff of the Chinese Army, serves with Col. Martin at the Command and General Staff School; General Ho Chi Chi at the Field Artillery Training Center, and General Wang Nai Kuan, chief of the Chemical Warfare Division, Ministry of War, at the Heavy Mortar Training Center, to name but a few. And to further illustrate the type of military leaders assigned to the schools, General Wang Nai Kuan is a graduate of The Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina.

The Field Artillery Training Center, oldest and largest of the schools, has turned out dozens of fully trained and completely equipped artillery units from its area in the foothills of the Himalayas. Under the direction of Col. Clinton I. McCluer, Ithaca, N. Y., for many years military instructor at Cornell University, artillery units direct-

*"Me? I'm going back to school!"*



**H**E AND WHO ELSE? Surveys have shown that more than 600,000 of our service men hope to see the old campus again, when they return to civilian life. And they want to know just how far the G.I. Bill of Rights will go toward helping them finish their education.

Most service men are full of questions about the future these days. Thousands of them have written to us from all over the world, asking not only about going back to school, but also what to do about their National Service Life Insurance, and how the job situation is sizing up.

We've boiled down all the answers we could think of and put them in the handy, pocket-size, 40-page booklet described at right. It's free, and we are mighty glad to send it to men on active duty, as well as to those already demobilized.

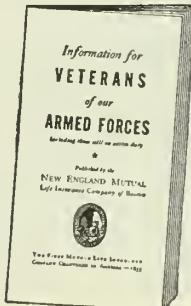
Or, if you have a son, husband or friend in the service, we shall be happy to send you a copy to forward to him. Just write us at 501 Boylston Street, Boston 17, Mass., and we'll put it right in the mail.

#### A NOTE TO WORLD WAR I MEMBERS OF THE LEGION

As your local Post of the American Legion welcomes returning veterans of World War II, we believe this booklet will be of value to you in helping them along the road back into civilian

life. Write for a free copy today. We'll also be glad to mail a copy of "Information for Veterans" to your relative or friend still in the service, if you'll send us his name and address.

#### HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THE CONTENTS:



**Highlights of the "G.I. Bill of Rights"—** How to continue your education, guidance on loans, benefits, etc.

**Your National Service Life Insurance —** How to keep it in force, how to reinstate, and convert, with rates.

**The word on—** Muster-out pay, pension privileges, hospitalization, vocational training, Federal income tax, etc.

**What kind of a post-war job?—** Earning a living in America and where you fit in the picture.

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The First Mutual Life Insurance Company Chartered in America—1835*

ly from the field start with the simple elementary details and move progressively to the final phase of massed battalion fire.

Good food, shelter and a program of training drills, studies and entertainment keep the American and Chinese personnel fully occupied. There, too, is the Rice Bowl, a natural amphitheater with seats for 1,200 set against the hill facing the rice paddies, with a stage large enough for "Oklahoma!"

The work that is being done at this training center is repeated, in each case adapted to cover its own particular field, at each of the other five service schools. At each one the courses are modeled as closely as possible on similar courses given at the United States Army service schools.

The Infantry Training Center under Col. Mose Kent, El Paso, Texas, turns out a class every eight weeks trained in all infantry tactics, in use and care of weapons, range firing, communications, sanitation and engineering. The officer graduates are returned to their units in the field and for that reason the instructors lay great stress on leadership, marksmanship, tactical em-

ployment of infantry weapons, and tactics of small units.

Closely allied with the schools for combat officers and troops are the Heavy Mortar Training Center and the Ordnance Training Center. The former under the command of Lt. Col. Albert R. Volkmut, Maplewood, N. J., is helping to train and equip the Chinese army to fight the Japanese invader with one of the most practical artillery weapons for use in China—the 4.2 mortar. This "heavy" mortar is lighter than the big guns in common use by the U. S. Army on other fronts, but it offers an element of firepower with the devastating effect of close-range artillery very suitable to China's mountainous terrain.

At the Chinese Ordnance Training Center college trained youth with mechanical aptitude and skilled mechanics—some with civilian status—are given the most complete training in keeping guns, instruments and all of the rolling-stock in first class fighting condition. Graduates of the school may either go into the field with fighting units or they may remain at the center as instruc-

tors. Unlike the other centers under General Middleton's command, the Chinese Ordnance Training Center, now under command of Major Frederick J. Eimert, Arlington, Mass., this unit will eventually be turned over to the Chinese Ordnance Department and will be wholly operated by a Chinese staff.

Newest of the units is the Signal School where, under Col. Willis R. Lansford, Bethesda, Md., the first class was inaugurated on June 8, 1945. It was established to meet the need for more and more trained radio operators as the war in China approaches the climactic stage.

Unique among the schools and one that has no counterpart in the Army's system of service schools in the United States is the Interpreters School, commanded by Maj. Franklin B. Simmons, Jr., Los Angeles, Cal., a graduate of the Yale Chinese School. This training center became necessary because of the language barrier between the officers and men in the field, and also between the instructors and students at the training centers.

## PICKING 'EM OUT OF THE DEEP

(Continued from page 25)

There have been many turnovers of the personnel, many of the men having gone overseas for similar duty in combat theaters. Some of the present personnel are men who had completed their required number of combat missions or sustained battle wounds and returned to the States. Some uniforms—army GI—which I saw hanging in the sleeping quarters of the *P-268* bore many bars indicating decorations and combat duty on various fighting fronts.

With Eugene Worthley, warrant officer, at the helm, our party was taken for an experimental run and demonstration of rescue work on the *P-268*. Powerfully motored by two Packard engines, that craft was as spick and span as any navy crew could have made her and the ten sea-going soldiers who, with Mr. Worthley, made up her crew, were perfectly at home aboard her.

In addition to the quarters for the officers and men, there is a compact galley, showers and latrine, and other facilities, but most important is the sick bay which has provisions for the care of as many as fourteen wounded. A feature of the sick bay is a litter-lift on which wounded men may be placed and safely carried from the deck level down into the sick bay. The sick bay is in charge of a medical technician who in this crew was PFC Frank Toffoli who had received his basic medical training at Camp Lee, Virginia, before his transfer to the Air Force. He has been on duty with the Crash Boat service for three years and has been present at most of the two score rescues effected by this Section.

Among the men of the crew was a lad of twenty, S/Sgt. Henry E. Webel of Jamaica, New York, who served as our "wounded" flyer in the demonstration. He well merited that role as he had served for eight months with the 8th Air Force in Europe, had flown thirty-four missions as an engineer gunner (both waist and ball) and numbered among his decorations the Air Medal with three clusters, the Distinguished Flying Cross, four Combat Stars and a Unit Citation.

During its first four months of operation, Section K salvaged two planes—a Grumman *Wildcat* and a *P-18*. One of the most tragic rescue missions in which the Section participated was in February, 1945, when a B-29 on a short routine flight from Mitchel Field to LaGuardia Airport, crashed into the channel off the airport. Among the crew members lost was Billy Southworth, Jr., son of the St. Louis Cardinals' manager. During its entire period of operation, the Crash Boat unit has engaged in rescue

and salvage work involving more than forty fallen planes.

Sgt. E. R. Turk, 2d mate on the *P-585*, formerly of Albany, New York, is a real pioneer in the Crash Boat section at Bay Shore, having been assigned directly from his Air Force basic training three years ago. In a bull session in the orderly room, the sergeant related many unusual experiences since being on the station. There has been tragedy—planes have exploded and have broken up in crashes and lives have been lost. But he said one of the unusual incidents, which turned out well, was when an over-ambitious young flyer, determined to hit his ground target during range practice, flew too low and tore off the tail of his plane when it struck the beach.

He zoomed his machine straight up as far as the motor would carry it, bailed out and was safely picked out of the deep by the *P-585* crew. What remained of the plane was later salvaged.





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# FORTUNE

*Shoes for Men*

## WANT A RAILROAD JOB?

(Continued from page 15)

from a returned veteran," Mr. Horning proudly boasts.

Whether these former railroad employees have returned to their old or better jobs, all are receiving larger pay envelopes. Pay increases and employee benefits given in the veteran's absence automatically belong to him on his return to railroading.

A significant feature of the re-employment program is the railroads' policy of taking advantage of any training gained in military service. This is expected to provide the means for up-grading many returning veteran railroad employees. To insure these and other advantages the program calls for an analysis of jobs available for able and handicapped servicemen; carefully-selected personnel interviewers who will consider military records with attention to war-service-acquired skills which may be utilized, and a close follow-up of each case to make certain that re-adjustment is satisfactory.

"The railroad industry, even in ordinary times, employs more men and women than the automotive and steel industries combined," Mr. Horning pointed out. "You can hardly think of a profession or skill not used in the railroad industry. We employ all kinds of doctors, engineers, mechanics, laborers, architects, nurses, dieticians, clerical specialists—people in all branches of endeavor."

Francis C. Brady is one of the many returning veterans who have benefited by this sound policy. Brady, now a machinist helper at Harmon, N. Y., was a roundhouse laborer when he left for military service in March, 1941. Last June he was discharged and returned to his old job.

"When I came back I was to start in the old position of laborer," Brady said. "I worked one day and was raised up. My pay, when I left, was 49 cents an hour. It's 82 cents an hour now."

Brady was "raised up" because of mechanical training and experience received at Fort Knox and in the Hell-on-Wheels Second Armored Division, where he served as a tank commander.

"I didn't actually learn to be much of a mechanic," he explained, "but I did learn how to use tools. And that's what I'm doing now."

For those who have acquired new skills and for those just coming into railroad service, most of the lines already have an apprentice arrangement whereby new employees receive specialized training at apprentice pay.

Another aid to the returning veterans seeking railroading jobs is the attitude of the various unions. There are twenty-eight of these unions in the industry and all have co-operated to make things as easy as possible for the returning veterans, with

or without previous railroading experience.

"All of our organizations are going to make places for the returning veteran even if it means making special gadgets for him," B. M. Jewell, President, Railway Employees Department, AFL, promised. "Whatever it is he needs we'll fix it up for him and he can depend on that."

Many unions have either waived or reduced initiation fees for returning veterans entering railroad work for the first time. In every instance the fees and dues are moderate, generally ranging from around \$3 to \$5 for initiation, with the exception of some of the higher paid groups which



run up to \$100, and dues running from about \$1.25 to \$2.25 per month, according to George O. Price, general chairman, Buffalo and East, of the Brotherhood of Railway & Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express & Station Employes.

Professional men, clerks, stenographers, supervisors and those employed in the general offices are not unionized.

Veterans taking jobs that come under union jurisdiction are given time to get themselves adjusted before they are asked to join up.

Borden F. Foster, electrician, also of Harmon, went into military service in February, 1940. He joined the New York Central immediately after he was discharged as aviation chief electrician's mate last June. He'd had no previous railroad experience.

"I'd heard a lot about railroading and how they treat their men, so I thought I'd like to work for a line," Foster explained. "I've found out that what I'd heard about them was true. And the union certainly is all right. They give a fellow a chance."

Foster's experience with his union is typical. When he made inquiries about joining he was told, "We'll see you in a couple of months, when you've had time to straighten things out." He was told his initiation fee, when the time came to join,



## ...But Jeepers, Dad, it's hard to hear what teacher says

I LISTEN HARD . . . harder, I bet, than the other kids. But I can't hear teacher very good. An' when I ask questions, she says she talked about that, an' 'why don't I pay attention?' It makes me feel funny. The kids tease me, too—they say I'm 'dopey' just because they have to repeat things to me. Gosh, Dad—does a fellow really have to go to school?

\* \* \* \*

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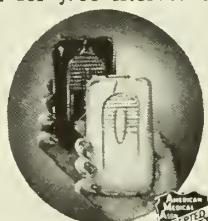
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would be \$15 and the dues \$2 monthly.

Besides the railroads' reputation for fair dealings with their men and the union attitude of co-operation, the returning veterans consider and always mention pay rates, benefits and security of employment as factors influencing them in their decision to take up railroading. Of course pay is important.

Annual earnings for some of the classifications are:

Clerks, \$2,471 to \$3,155.

Maintenance-of-way, \$1,724 to \$3,191.

Shopcrafts, \$1,729 to \$3,759.

Signalmen, \$2,010 to \$3,348.

Telegraphers and station agents, \$2,629 to \$3,767.

Trainmen, \$3,005 to \$3,772.

Conductors, \$3,597 to \$4,790.

Firemen, \$2,736 to \$4,099.

Engineers, \$3,578 to \$5,799.

Benefits include many things. For instance, railroad employes are entitled to benefits under the Federal Railroad Retirement Act and Railroad Unemployment Insurance. They get free transportation, vacations with pay, sick leave benefits in many instances, hospitalization plans in most cases, employee benefit associations and railroad YMCA's.

They also enjoy a plan of promotion which is pretty well defined. Seniority is recognized as a cornerstone of railroading. The patterns are simple; switchtender goes to brakeman and then to conductor; firemen become engineers, if the advancing employe can pass his written and oral tests for a given job, and if he is physically fit.

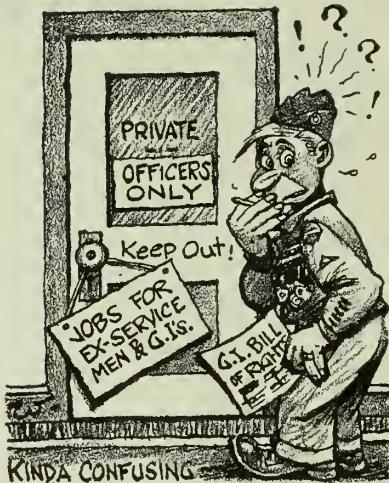
"Promotions in railroads come more from the ranks than in any other industry, I think," Mr. Horning said. "For instance, it is hard to find a top railroad official today who didn't come right out of the ranks. In fact, I can't think of a railroad president who didn't come from the same source. Everyone on a railroad starts even—at the bottom."

Charles R. Loftus, Jr., is one of the bright young men who are starting their railroad careers from scratch. Loftus had just finished an electrical engineering course when the war came down on him and he went into service, December 16, 1941. After serving as a tail gunner in the 8th Air Force, 44th Bombardment Group, he was mustered out last June. Now, at 22, he's a switchtender.

"My wife is expecting a baby, my father was a railroadman for thirty years so I know it's good pay," he explained. "I'm trying to qualify as a brakeman and then go to conductor."

On the other end of the age group, Edwin E. Jewell, at 40, is starting out as a fireman.

Jewell had been in the automotive business before going into military service in 1942. When he came out he first considered going into business for himself.



He studied economic conditions and decided on railroading.

Although disabled veterans are protected from those jobs that obviously would be harmful to them there still remain plenty of openings they can fill. One-handed veterans like R. D. Van Hise, who lost his left hand in action but is back at his old job of tallyman for the Pennsylvania at Trenton, N. J., are finding places. One-armed veterans are working as switchtenders. Other disabled men are in towers, working as clerks, doing a multitude of jobs and doing them well.

There are men like G. N. Cappola, who returned to his job as electrician's helper after being burned badly in an explosion while in the Army, and John Joseph Murphy, wounded in the right shoulder and arm at Anzio Beach, but now back at his old job of airbrake inspector.

Present indications point toward railroads being high in the industrial groups which will have the maximum number of job openings for some time to come. It is expected that railroads will need more employes during the demobilization period than before the war. This manpower need is expected to remain high through the reconversion and post-war production periods.

In the meantime men like Michael T. Olwell, who was a typewriter repairman when he went into service; Aldo Bergazzi, who came back to his old job of pipefitter at nine cents an hour more than he made when he left; disabled veterans Philip M. Wooster, cable splicer, and Earl Kraft, signal maintainer; Joseph Naldi, Coast Guardsman now back as a barge captain; Frank P. Kilgore, ticket seller at Grand Central Terminal; William Murphy, patrolman again after serving as a Marine on the staff of Admiral Richard Hewitt, and Charles R. Hulsart, who came out of the Navy a full lieutenant and now is assistant to the General Attorney of the New York Central, are railroading.

If the signs mean anything, several hundreds of thousands of able and disabled veterans are going to be highballing over American railroads in the years to come.

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## BIRD PUPS

(Continued from page 16)

Then one night I shut a new setter puppy in the stable. This pup was particularly fond of leather. During the night he chewed through every loop of line. In those days a dollar looked about the size of the Empire State Building to me, and one pair of those lines were russet leather. Sure, I whipped him for it and that was the wrong thing to do, for it was my fault. And besides, never punish any dog unless you catch him in the act and can do so promptly. A dog hasn't a human brain and he won't have any idea what he is being punished for unless you catch him with the guilt on his face.

There is something about raising and training your own dog that more than pays for your efforts. He does things your way when he grows up. He is your dog and you are his God. Just any kind of dog is better than no dog at all, but any dog I own will be either pointer, setter or retriever, because they live for and like the things I like.

There is nothing complicated about training a hunting dog. You can't train him to hunt, that is born in him. All you must do is teach him to mind you. He must come to you when you call him and he must stop when you say "Whoa!" Dog training, to get perfection, requires taking light loads and going often. The same lesson over and over and over again. Short lessons repeated frequently and never too much training at one time.

Use as few words as possible and always the same words of command. Say "Down!" and push the puppy to the ground and hold him there. Let him up and do it again. It won't be too long before he will drop at the word *down*. One stunt I use with all my dogs teaches obedience. When I enter the kennel run with pans of food the dogs are made to stand back and wait the order to eat. The pans are placed on the ground and the dogs made to stand until each is called by name.

When a dog becomes letter perfect I go a step farther. With a leash to his collar I start him towards the food and then call "Whoa!" and stop him with the leash. After he stands a few seconds I let him go on to his supper. I used to have one dumb little springer spaniel who would rush back to his corner and wait with tail wagging, every time I appeared in the back yard. Maybe he wasn't so dumb, but just one of those fellows who are always hungry.

The function of pointing dogs—pointers and setters—is to find game and point it. Take your pointer or setter puppy into the field every chance you get as he is growing up. Let him race around, chasing small birds and butterflies to his heart's content. When he first gets the magic scent of game birds he will rush in and flush them and probably chase them as long as he can see them. Don't try to stop him. Let him learn to find them and have fun.

It is the nature of both pointer and setter to stop and stand rigid in the presence of game birds. One of these fine days this cataleptic trait will take charge, and instead of jumping in on the birds he smells, he will "freeze." Get to him and get your hands on him—if you can. It may take several tries before he will hold stanch long enough to let you get to him.

When you come quietly up behind him, take hold of his tail and lift his hind feet off the ground and ease them back again. Do this several times; then run your hands under his chest and raise his forelegs. Keep your mouth shut tight. Talking will only rattle him and probably flush the birds. Finally lift him clear of the ground and set him back. When you can do this and he still holds steady, your troubles are over. Snap a leash on his collar and fly the birds. If he starts to chase, stop him at the word "Whoa."

It is the nature of the spaniels—springers and cockers—to rout out game and flush it. They dash around in front of the gunner and any bird there will have to get going. Keep such dogs within thirty or thirty-five yards of you at all times. If allowed to run at will they will put birds out too far for the gun. I use the word "Back!" and if the puppy has been taught to stop at command and come to you when called, he soon learns that "Back!" means he has gone as far as he should go. Most spaniels are natural retrievers and will bring you anything you throw for them and likewise any bird you shoot down. Retrievers usually follow at heel and bring in game that is shot. Lead your puppy on a leash and when he starts to pass you, switch him on the nose and say "Heel!"

Chesapeakes, Labradors and Goldens are the principal breeds used for heavy going where ducking waters are filled with rushes or ice is forming, but the smaller spaniels and pointing dogs also make good retrievers.

Most any gun-dog puppy will bring a ball back to you if you roll it for him. If not, place a pad in his mouth and say "Fetch!" when you put it in and "Thank you!" when you take it out. When the pup reaches the point where he takes hold at the word *fetch*, toss the pad a little way and he will probably go get it. If he doesn't you must take him to it and put it in his mouth. It's easy, but it takes day after day with several short lessons each day to do the job right.

There is a small lake near my home and I take dogs over there to give them a swim on hot summer days. One morning I threw a tennis ball far out in the lake for my favorite springer to bring in. He was so eager that he pushed a wave clear to the ball. Then he pushed the ball around a time or two with his nose and came racing back without it. I couldn't imagine what was the matter with him.

When he reached the shore I sent him right back and the performance was repeated. We did this several times and I

**POSTWAR  
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Victory  
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As for accommodations and facilities, you can pretty well write your own ticket. Do you favor wile, sunny verandas, swinging bathtubs, plenty of room, and some here for social events? They're here. Or you can choose simpler places where the guests and the hosts gather informally at the big, family-style lounge around the fireplace at night.

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was ready to give up. Duke had come in and was standing in front of me wagging his stub tail for all he was worth. I noticed that his mouth was closed although he was breathing hard from exertion. I put my hand down and said "Thank you" and he spit out a small rubber ball some child had lost, and took a flying leap into the lake to attend to some unfinished business. A good retriever will bring you many things you never lost and birds you didn't kill.

The gun dog you raise and train will think more of you than most of your folks

do. And you will probably think more of him than you do of some of your kin. Whatever you do will be all right. He will worship you even after you lose your temper and whip him when he doesn't deserve it, and he'll never let you down intentionally. The love of a good dog for his master often transcends all understanding. I have known bird dogs that worshipped brutes who weren't fit to live. And I am frank to say that the man who has not known the love of a good dog has missed something in this world.

## HOME BOYS HOME!

(Continued from page 23)

want to go back for," Sergeant Hayes said, unsmiling.

Inevitably, this led to talk of home.

"Gosh, I called my mother last night," said one soldier with three battle stars on the campaign ribbon below his blue Combat Infantryman's Badge. "She cried so much while she was telling me how happy she was, that I couldn't tell you what she said." Something right then must have blown in the infantryman's eye. He had to make a quick dab with a handkerchief while others were recounting similar experiences.

Concerning plans for the month-long stay at home, there wasn't much disputing. Already many were grinning with delight, visualizing the long-delayed reunion with parents, or sweethearts, or wives. On the train were New England men of both the long absent Second Infantry Division and the Forty-fourth Infantry Division, the former originally a Regular Army unit with a celebrated record of performance in World War I, and the latter originally composed of New Jersey and New York National Guard elements. Each has had plenty of combat, the Second since the Normandy invasion and the Forty-fourth since shortly thereafter.

Most of the desires, depending somewhat on the domestic status of the furloughed soldier, were predicated on comfort and recreation. As to the former, there were some who threatened to "climb in between a pair of clean sheets and sleep for a week." Men who had never tasted milk between boyhood and the day they sailed for European battle fronts, were positive they would drink at least six quarts a day and eat an equal amount of ice cream.

"But, oh boy," Corporal George Barton said, "the idea of sitting down at a table, with a nice white tablecloth, shiny silverware and having things brought to you, will be wonderful to me. And when we have mashed potatoes they will really be mashed. Just think of being waited on. Corporal Barton is the 20-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Barton, Otis, Massachusetts. His dad will probably understand how he feels because the elder Barton is a member of the Legion Post at Lee, Massachusetts.

Then there were other plans. Many looked forward to brief fishing trips, either with fathers or with old friends; others expected to "just lay around" and enjoy not being told what to do and how to do it. Almost without exception there was anticipation of adventures in love, a few with object matrimony, but the majority only with a yen for romance.

On this train, brightly colored service ribbons and those denoting decorations were in such profusion that shirts were almost rainbow hued. Most of the men wore the coveted Combat Infantryman's Badge and the E.T.O. campaign ribbon, with those representing Purple Hearts, Bronze and Silver Stars, and the blue of the Presidential Unit Citation abounded.

Shirts were donned as the speed of the train cooled the cars and some of the men dipped into the "box lunch" of sandwiches, hard boiled eggs and fruit with which they had been provided in lieu of a cook car.

A few card games were in progress, but thoughts were of home, and most of them languished after brief desultory play. An unstrummed mandolin reposed on the baggage rack; an unopened violin case reposed beside the owner. There were fifty grins for every gripe. Even when water coolers were emptied, the thirsty soldier would toss away his dry cup and resume his seat, his face bearing not a trace of irritation. When someone beefed about the type of train supplied them for the trip to the home Reception Center, the reply was a chorus:

"I don't care what kind of a train it is as long as it goes fast."

As to discussing those ribbons for service and decorations, the World War II veteran will talk fluently and candidly if he is certain he will be understood by listeners. Among themselves, both officer and enlisted man exchange battle experiences with relish. But there is a reluctance to talk to civilians, even members of the veteran's own family. It is in no sense due to false modesty or repugnance at recalling fearful memories. The combat soldier is glad to get it off his chest if he gets an even break from the man he is talking to.

He, like many another doggie on the train, discussing combat, summarized it briefly this way: "You can get all you want of that in one hell of a hurry."



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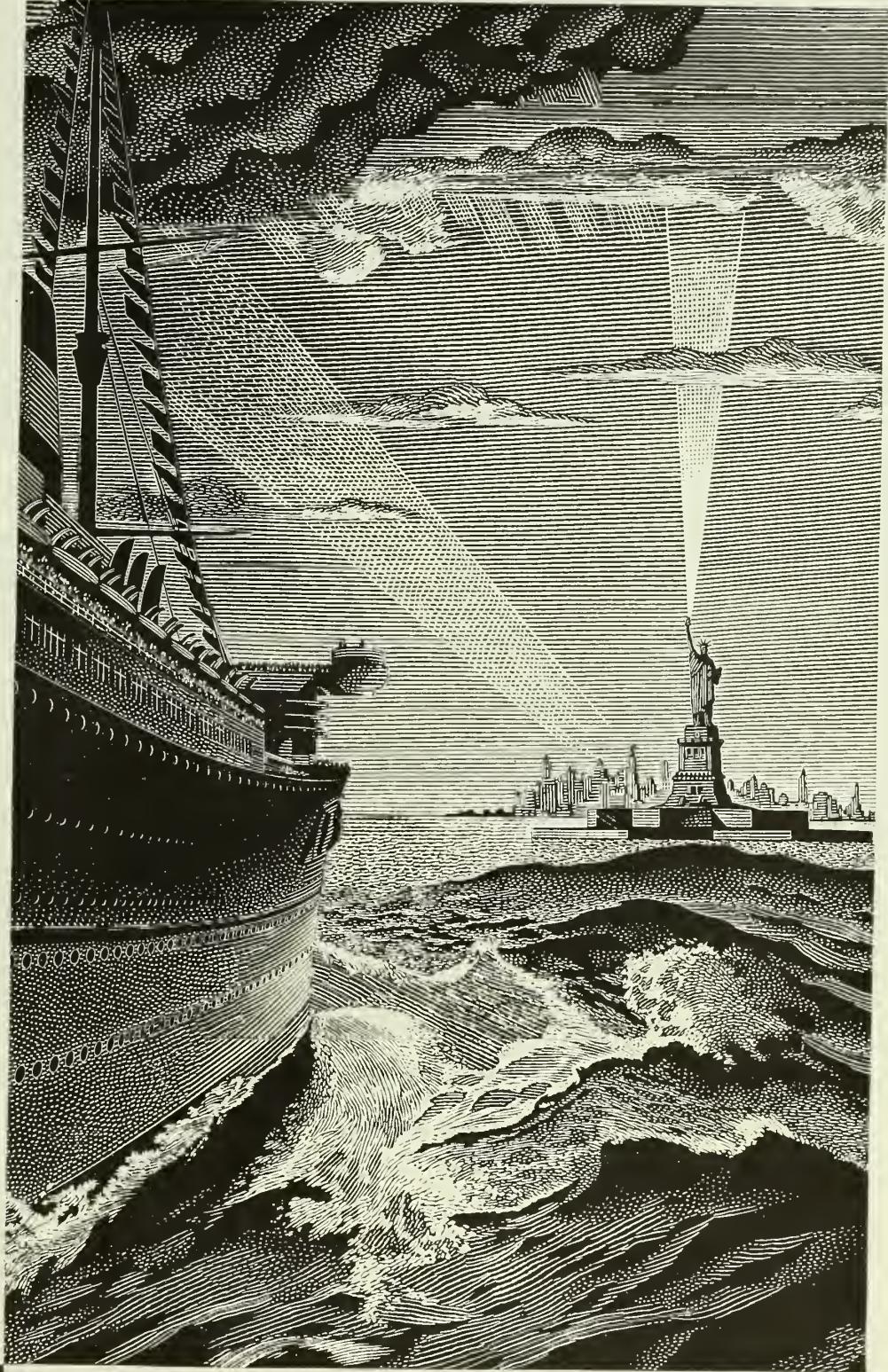
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The man who said that was PFC Carl R. Ecklund, Jr., 20-year-old son of Carl B. Ecklund of Lowell, Mass. The elder Ecklund is a member of a Dracut, Massachusetts, Legion Post. Young Carl had been overseas for 19 months with the Second Division. He has five battle stars on his campaign ribbon, representing D-Day plus 1 on the Normandy beachhead; the battle of Brest; the Ardennes offensive; the Rhineland and Central Germany. Below the Combat Infantryman's Badge is a ribbon showing he received the Bronze Star and on his shirt at the right is the blue Presidential Unit Citation emblem. He has been recommended to represent his company when an awarded Croix de Guerre is received.

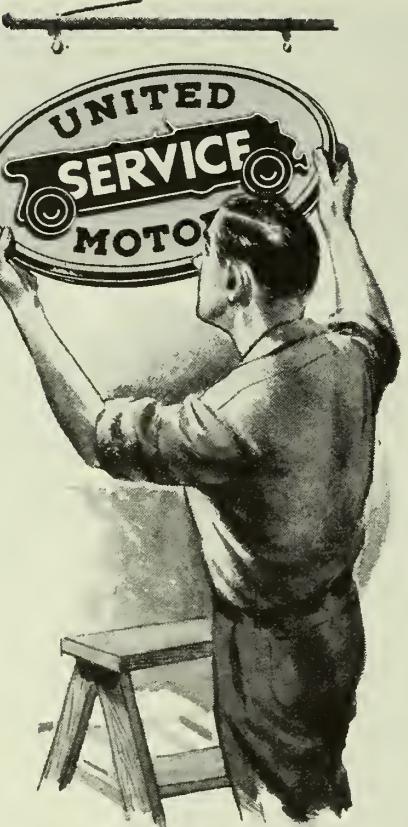
If he is properly approached, PFC Ecklund will give his account of the night he was operating a two-way radio, directing the fire of a cannon company from an advance post under heavy artillery fire. One infantry company was coming up, depending on the protective fire of the cannon company. A lieutenant and two riflemen were with Ecklund. One rifleman was killed, the second severely wounded. For two hours, PFC Ecklund directed the cannon fire single handed. Had he faltered, the enemy could have broken this vital point. That accounts for the Bronze Star.

During the narrative, some "doggies" from other outfits drifted by and listened attentively. PFC John Antunes of Fall River, Mass., recalled that was the day Ecklund's outfit was "following the tanks." "WHO followed WHO?" Ecklund exploded, and the argument was on, with Corporal Tom Walsh of Jamaica Plain, Mass., and others joining in the debate as to who was in the best squad of the best platoon of the best regiment in the whole damn Army.

One interesting figure among the home-bound bound troops was Sergeant William R. Gregg, 25 years old, with three years' service, including one overseas, behind him. He said he would always remember his Christmas Eve at Malmedy during the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium. "We had Christmas lights, all right," he said, "but one of them was liable to explode in your face."

"I guess I did O.K.," he said with a chuckle. "I had to. My old man has thirty years' Army service." His "old man," former Army Major William R. Gregg of Taunton, Massachusetts, retired about seven years ago. He is a member of David Adams Post of the Legion. Just to make things a little tougher for Junior, his uncle, Edmund Fitzgerald, is Post Commander.

Then there was the previously mentioned Sergeant Hayes, the one who described the joy of observing a city untouched by bomb or shell. His career should interest those distressed by the use in combat during an emergency of 18-year-old youths with less than a year of training. At nineteen (his next birthday is November 5), Sergeant Hayes was rounding out precisely one year



and a week of service this day he traveled toward Ft. Devens.

Inducted 10 days after he reached eighteen, he left the United States less than six months later, hitting the Normandy beach on D-Day plus 2. He has accumulated five battle stars, the Purple Heart with two clusters, representing three wounds, and the Bronze Star for valor. He and an old friend, Sergeant Clayton R. De Graff, son of Mrs. Ernest E. Durochia of Burlington, Vermont, now riding toward Ft. Devens together, had experienced one of those rare battlefield meetings after long separation.

While advancing under heavy fire, they almost crawled into each other. "We just said, 'Well, for cripes' sake, what are you doing here,' and kept on shooting," they recalled.

As to post-war plans—well, the boys just aren't making any.

When the subject is presented, they say they do expect an even break when they return to civilian life, a chance to pick up where they left off, either in education or earning a living, but hardly a man was even vaguely familiar with the provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights. They expected to learn about it at home.

Captain Drueke's seat companion was Lieutenant Michael J. Powell of South Boston, Massachusetts. They agreed there had been little concern among officers or enlisted men with happenings on the home front.

"Once in a while when some of the fellows got worried about something in the future, I'd ask them: 'Well, who are you talking about at home? Who did you leave there? You left your parents and your sisters and your relatives and friends. We all did. Do you think they're going to let you down?' I think that's the way most of us feel."

"Personally, the nearest I've come to thinking about the future is that I'll probably take my old job back as a credit supervisor. My ambition? That's easy. My ambition is to be a civilian."

"You can say that again, Captain," Lieutenant Powell said, and the captain said it again, echoing the almost unanimous sentiment of the veterans of this efficient, victorious citizen-army.



"See? What did I tell you?"



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## THE NEXT CHAMP

(Continued from page 13)

affair, with the fierceness of the struggle against the Nazis.

I visited the European Theater in the latter part of 1944, inspecting Coast Guard bases in England and on the Continent and saw a lot of service boxers. They were good but not world-beaters. However, at that time the Germans were starting their counterattack at the Bulge, our ships were still busy with U-Boats and there was little time for the grooming of future champions. After a good look around, and taking everything into consideration, I thought that maybe I'd find the future champ in the Pacific.

My most recent trip included all of the Pacific areas. I visited thousands of Coast Guardsmen at shore bases and on combat ships and, in the process, saw a half million or more soldiers, sailors and Marines. I did not have to go out of my way to find fighters, they were everywhere. And during the scores of matches I refereed, I saw the cream of them in action.

It seems to me that the Pacific Theater has even less chance to turn out fighters than had the European. Men and bases are spread out for thousands of miles. The climate is usually bad enough just to endure normally, without undergoing the strenuous physical routine that proper training always calls for. A good man isolated on a small base or on a small ship just can't find enough competition to keep him going.

I saw a lot of fine potential fighters in the Pacific. They had a little knowledge, fighting hearts and a great willingness to learn. But there just wasn't anyone to teach them. There wasn't the time to spare for them to spend in training.

To be a great fighter, a boxer has to live fight, sleep fight, and fight. He has to have professional care and attention. He needs advice. He must be carefully and judiciously matched, so his talents are slowly but continuously developed. Almost none of these needs are available to the present day service boxer.

The boys overseas are more interested in boxing than ever before. On every base I visited, the boys would crowd around to

ask questions.

War, or anything that brings large groups of men together, always breeds an interest in sports. Boxing, especially, seems to thrive in this atmosphere. Now the war is over, boxing will see bigger days than it ever has before. More men are interested in it as a sport and they will carry their interest right along with them into civilian life.

But even then, do not expect miracles. It is going to take two or three years after the close of the war, before the real champions will begin to trouble fellows like Joe Louis and Billy Conn. Then, the finest group of boxers that this country has ever seen should be ready to show their stuff. It's going to be worth waiting for, but let's hope we won't have to wait too long.

By then, certainly, the present champions will have retired or have been defeated. As good as Joe Louis is, he cannot keep going forever. He has added weight and gotten away from his training routine in the service. Billy Conn, whom I saw in England, will probably slow up as the years go on. He is a boxer, not a puncher, and boxers lose their speed long before punchers lose their power.

But there's one young fellow in particular that I'm going to be looking for. Everybody is entitled to a private opinion as to the next world's champion. And I was awfully impressed by this boy.

I met him on one of the Hawaiian Islands. We were just passing through and had a few minutes before our plane took off again. An officer told me that he'd brought a boxer from his outfit over to the airport to meet me. The officer said the boy was good. He had been fighting for a year and had won the island championship. And the lad was good-looking, well-built with a friendly, Irish grin. I was sorry I didn't have time to see him in the ring.

"What's your name, son," I asked.

"They call me 'Young Dempsey,'" he replied with that grin flashing from ear to ear.

For my money, that boy is the coming heavyweight champion of the world. I hope I'm not just being prejudiced by his name.

## BOUQUET TO THE ADMIRALS

(Continued from page 12)

fight, in the beginning, against odds. It has had to keep its balance and its judgment after overwhelming victory. It had to develop new techniques and new methods, new ships and new weapons. It had to improvise.

In this war, the United States Navy has fought upon, under and above the seven seas; its sailors and Marines have struggled on land; it has fought day and night, month after month, year after year, without rest, without surcease, and it has borne the brunt of the struggle at sea. This war

has been the greatest testing time in the Navy's and the nation's history; Annapolis and the Navy have come to triumphant maturity.

What are the peculiar qualities which Annapolis has given to the Navy and to the nation?

The first and greatest—and the one too little recognized in the public mind—is tradition. Tradition—the tradition of service, of courage, of skill, the tradition of maritime strength—is an intangible which is indispensable to any fleet. It is not purchased cheaply; it is the product of blood

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and tears, of young lives and old men worn in their country's service, of heroism long past but never forgotten, of initiative and of strength. Tradition is compact of memories, but it is not an old and musty and lifeless quality.

The young midshipman feels it as he mounts the steps to Memorial Hall; sees it in the words of the flag that Perry flew and Lawrence spoke—"Don't Give Up the Ship!" He sees it about him on the grounds at Annapolis, monuments to the great and near-great of other wars, monuments and memorials to those who died—or lived, no less bravely, during peace. Annapolis fosters tradition; it cradles and forms the embryo officer until he himself is part of it; he, his will, his heart, his mind, his purpose are dedicated—even though unspokenly and half-inchoately—to its service. He becomes part and parcel of a great past and a vibrant present, marching on to a future founded on faith to his traditions.

Such traditions are woof and warp of any great military organization; men well-founded in them can never falter in adversity or fail in courage. For their strength is as the strength of ten.

But Annapolis does more than pass on the torch of tradition. It teaches the role of sea power in the modern world, some elements of leadership, and particularly the technical basis of the naval officer's profession. The young graduate does not ordinarily know very much history (except naval history); he is not a finished diplomat or leader or engineer; he learns something, but not very much, about the world we live in. He is not an expert in any subject; he is not even—and is not intended to be—a finished naval officer. So many are the technical courses he must pursue and so short the time to study them that some subjects are given a "once-over-lightly."

But the results of this war show that the Annapolis student gets a fundamental education in the basis of his profession, which gives him a better, general, all-round understanding of what makes sea power "tick"—a better understanding of ships, planes and shore establishments—than the comparable young officer of any other fleet. And that is justification enough for Annapolis.

For the monument to Annapolis on its 100th anniversary, look about you. It is a monument emblazoned in the headlines and in the textbooks of contemporary history. It is Victory.

Relatively few of the admirals and other officers who have won it are as well known to the nation as any of a score of generals, yet the nation owes our men of Annapolis a debt of gratitude that will not be easily paid.

Consider their achievements.

It used to be said that a war was fought with the fleet that existed at the start of war. Not so, this one. The tremendous industry of America turned out the ships,

and planes, but they were ships and planes—many of them of types unheard-of, even undreamed-of before the war—designed, ordered, supervised, commanded, by Annapolis men.

The plane has revolutionized naval war; carrier task forces are the backbone of the fleet's offensive power. Admirals William A. Moffett, Joseph M. Reeves and many others—virtually all of them Annapolis men—were responsible for the genesis of this development, in fleet maneuvers dating back to the '20s. The United States Navy was the first fleet to develop the tactics of the carrier striking force; it is not too much to say that these sound concepts of peacetime training, developed in war, saved us at Coral Sea and Midway.

Amphibious warfare, a development which has made possible the landing and supply of an army over open beaches regardless of the availability of natural harbors—led directly to the defeat of Germany and has advanced our flag to the homeland of Japan. The genesis of this development was in peace; at Culebra and elsewhere the Navy and the U. S. Marines took the first toddling steps in the '30s toward the most amazing fleet the world has ever known. Since the war the development, design and tactical use of landing craft and specialized assault vessels has been directed and planned by Naval Academy men.

The long role of achievements could be lengthened indefinitely; the sea-keeping ability of the fleet due to the development of a tremendous service force is another outstanding example of the initiative and resourcefulness which, it is true, is part of the American heritage, but which Naval Academy graduates have utilized to full advantage in developing a fleet much more powerful by far than all the rest of the fleets of the earth.

If you would see the Academy's monument, look upon the Pacific. Leyte Gulf and Peleliu; Midway and Coral Sea; Luzon and Okinawa—and the white crosses, bearing Navy names, in the cemeteries stretching from the Golden Gate to Asia. A Chandler dying with tradition on his lips; a Halsey, thrusting, aggressive, eager leader; a Nimitz, calm, poised, confident; a King, tough, strong, determined.

Salute to the Admirals! They have won the Pacific war. Bombing and Blockade softened up and undermined and tore away the ramparts of Japan's defense. But sea power, exercised by surface ships and submarines and planes, cut off Japan from the Asiatic mainland, and sea power was poised with the land army that was to occupy and hold Japan, when the atomic bomb made their war lords quit. Japan lost the war when her enemies gained control of the seas.

And that is a lesson, on this 100th anniversary of an institution which deserves well of the nation, of profound significance to the future of America.

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## RHEUMATIC FEVER

(Continued from page 28)

5. It is recurrent. One attack makes it likely that the individual will have another. Since heart damage may occur or increase during each attack, the amount of final heart impairment is partly dependent on the number and severity of recurrences. After adolescence, however, recurrences tend to decrease.

6. It is a chronic, long-drawn-out illness. While the disease is active, bed rest is considered the best treatment. As convalescence progresses, however, physical activity is encouraged to the limit of the patient's capacity.

7. Permanent heart damage does not always develop. In some patients physical signs of heart disease gradually lessen and disappear. On the other hand, a disconcerting fact about rheumatic fever is that a number of children and adults are found to have definite signs of rheumatic heart disease with no recognizable history of rheumatic fever.

8. Mortality is highest in certain sections of the country, notably in three belts—New England, the Middle Atlantic and Great Lakes regions, and the Rocky Mountain States.

Lest too pessimistic an impression be given by the description of the seriousness of rheumatic fever, let me inject a personal experience which demonstrates that rheumatic fever, when recognized early and treated properly, may have a very favorable outcome. My first contact with rheumatic fever was when I was about eight years old and my cousin of the same age was brought to my home from boarding school one wet, rainy spring evening acutely ill. He had a fever, looked sick, and was suffering pain in his right ankle. His father, who was a doctor, and my grandfather, also a physician, immediately diagnosed the case as rheumatic fever with heart involvement. He was put to bed and kept there with good diet, nursing care, and medical supervision until he was perfectly well again.

It took a long time—some months—before he was able to resume the normal activities of a boy of his age. The heart involvement, as it does in a certain percentage of cases, cleared up in time. With the outbreak of the war he received a commission in the Navy and is now on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. Rheumatic fever is by no means a hopeless, crippling disease when recognized early and treated properly.

In the training camps, medical officers have observed that rheumatic fever often develops in susceptible individuals following epidemics of streptococcus infections of the upper respiratory tract. These outbreaks tend to occur with the admission to the camp of large groups of new recruits. An analysis of the cases which have developed in training camps shows that the patients fall into two main classes: (1) those with no evidence of heart damage but with

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histories which indicate that they have had previous attacks of rheumatic fever; and (2) a larger group—mostly young persons from the South or Southwest, and from rural areas—who gave no personal or family history of rheumatic fever, but who developed the disease a few weeks after their first attack of a streptococcus infection in camp, usually during the cold, damp weather of a northern spring.

Rheumatic fever is not only a serious disease problem but also costly to treat. Some idea of the cost can be gained by the experience of the Canadian army. In Canada, a special analysis was made of 407 rheumatic fever cases in the army. It was estimated that the treatment of this group will cost \$6,000,000 including rehabilitation, disability, and pensions to be paid over the next 30 years. Cases which developed in 1943 have so far cost the Canadian army \$700,000.

Although rheumatic fever has proved to be a major problem among young adults, it is still and foremost a problem of childhood. It is the leading cause of death by disease between the ages of 5 and 14.

The majority of first attacks occur between those ages—the early school years. Schools through careful, thorough medical examinations have a great opportunity to discover children with possible or potential rheumatic heart disease as well as actual cases of active rheumatic fever. Some communities have taken leadership in this by establishing a diagnostic service in connection with the school health system. Syracuse, New York, is one such community. Syracuse has done this with the help of funds from Syracuse Post of The American Legion.

The handling of a rheumatic fever case is usually a complex problem. As it is often difficult to diagnose, the attending physician may feel the need to refer for assistance in diagnosis to a specialist or special clinic. In order to prevent or minimize heart damage, treatment usually consists of uninterrupted bed rest during the active stage, and gradual resumption of physical activity during convalescence, whether for weeks or months or longer.

Adequate care of a rheumatic child also includes careful supervision to prevent recurrences—regular physical examinations, enough of the right kinds of food, and protection against nose and throat infections. Children with certain degrees of heart damage often need vocational guidance and other special help.

There has been a good deal of discussion of the use of sulfa drugs to prevent recurrences, and many people wonder why they are not more widely used. The evidence from experiments with sulfa drugs is not beyond dispute by authorities on rheumatic fever. Furthermore, these drugs sometimes have a toxic effect which cannot be foreseen. Another reason is that some individuals become sensitized to sulfa drugs, and thereafter cannot tolerate them later when



"Set up a round for the house, my good man!"

they may be badly needed for some acute infections, such as pneumonia or tonsillitis. In addition, there is the practical difficulty that as a preventive, the drug must be given daily, month in and month out. Today over-worked doctors may be less able to give the close daily supervision which is necessary to the individual taking the drug. These factors, for the present, tend to limit the general use of sulfa drugs to prevent recurrences.

Another question which frequently arises is the advisability of moving to a warm climate to prevent recurrences. Here also the answer is not simple. Under certain circumstances the doctor may advise taking a child to a mild climate, but the important thing is to build up the child's health and to protect him from the conditions conducive to respiratory tract infection regardless of the child's geographical location. Neglect of the simple rules of good hygiene and heedless exposure to respiratory infection may lead to rheumatic recurrence no matter where the child lives.

The time is now ripe to wage an all-out war on rheumatic fever. Many communities in scattered parts of the country are mobilizing their resources for local attacks. For example, an increasing number of States are passing laws which require physicians to report cases of rheumatic fever in the same way that they must report cases of tuberculosis and many other diseases. This information is needed in order to find out how many patients must be provided for. Some communities have begun case-finding surveys to get an accurate picture of the number and location of cases. Cincinnati, San Francisco, Louisville, Philadelphia, Boston, Rochester, and New York City are among these communities.

Syracuse, as stated, is an illustration of what can be accomplished through community action. This has been brought about

largely through the financial support of The American Legion Post in Syracuse. For the past seven or eight years the Post has been assisting children with rheumatic fever to go to summer camp. About 18 months ago it increased its financial assistance by contributing toward a diagnostic service to find children with rheumatic fever in the schools. This financial help included the purchase of necessary laboratory equipment including a fluoroscope and electrocardiograph. A few months ago they set up an official Rheumatic Fever Committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Fred Hiss of Syracuse, who is a member of the Post, and promised an additional financial support up to \$20,000 to underwrite a complete rheumatic fever community program.

The list of States which have programs of service for children with rheumatic fever is also growing. Since 1939 the Children's Bureau has been helping State agencies to develop such services with Federal grants of funds. Its aim is to develop facilities for diagnosis, treatment, and follow-up services for all children who have rheumatic fever or rheumatic heart disease. Oklahoma was the first of the States to take advantage of Federal help to organize a complete range of rheumatic fever services on a State-wide basis. Recently an additional appropriation of \$75,000,000 was recommended to broaden the program of Federal-State services to children. If granted, \$15,000,000 of these funds would be allocated to victims of rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease.

These Federal, State and local activities are necessary and vital to the successful control of rheumatic fever. But national leadership is necessary for these efforts to make the greatest impact on the problem. Fortunately medical authorities have recognized this and on May 8, 1945—V-E Day—the American Rheumatic Fever Council was established under the leadership of the American Heart Association.



"My mother asked me to send these home."

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A powerful B-25 takes off on a bombing mission in our China Air Task Force

# On Target with the 14th

BY FRANK MILES

American Legion War Correspondent

*Kunming, China*  
**BOMBING** of Japanese installations in northeast China on July 4th constituted a celebration of the 169th anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence and the third birthday of the 14th American Army Air Force.

The mission was composed of two B-25's and two P-51 fighters.

I rode in the No. 1 plane whose pilot was quiet, personable Lt. Col. Austin Russell, of Monett, Mo., commander of the base from which the raid was flown.

Approval of my going had been given by Maj. Gen. C. L. Chennault,\* commanding the 14th Air Force. From his headquarters I had been taken to an advanced air base to report to Col. Alan Bennett, of Winter Park, Fla., the genial, dynamite Chinese-American Composite Wing Commander, who is known as a "pilot's pilot."

Col. Russell greeted me warmly when I arrived at his base and shortly afterward assembled his officers and "ordered" me to tell them of my experiences in Europe as a war correspondent. He would have staged a like assembly for his enlisted men the day after the Fourth had my schedule not required me to leave too early.

Col. Russell, the other officers and the GIs who were to fly the mission gathered in the briefing room at 8 A.M. Succinctly but in complete detail he outlined the objective and what might be encountered en route

\* On July 14th the beloved Chennault announced that ill health had forced him to resign. He had done a marvelous job for both the Chinese and Americans in his eight years in China.

to and over the target. All present listened intently.

We moved out to our ships. The co-pilot of mine was Maj. Sidney Smith, of Santa Barbara, Calif.; navigator-bombardier, Lieut. Tom Kilian, of Worcester, Mass.; engineer, S/Sgt. H. W. "Tex" Hiltbold, of Bay City, Tex.; tail gunner, Cpl. Earl Johnson, of Moscow, Idaho; and photographer, PFC. Robert Lawton, of Daytona Beach, Fla.

Lieut. S. K. Yang, who was trained in the States, as pilot, and Capt. S. T. Mao as co-pilot, with four Chinese enlisted men manned the other bomber.

Capt. William N. Storms, of Paterson, N. J., and Lieut. Floyd Everett, of New Orleans, La., manned the fighters.

We roared off under a clear, blue sky, the bombers side by side when we reached cruising altitude, the fighters darting around like angry hawks searching for prey.

The railroad yards we were out to blast were 400 miles away. Our speed was close to 200 miles an hour.

We rose high to pass over mountain peaks.

Upon reaching one range we struck a thick blanket of white clouds which looked from above like a vast field of snow and ice in the Arctic on a sunny day.

**It was the Glorious Fourth, and the American Airmen in China really celebrated**

As we cleared them I saw a green valley stretching out ahead.

"Enemy territory," Maj. Smith shouted to me. I was perched on my knees just behind him and Col. Russell.

"There's our target," he said, pointing, a few minutes later.

We approached it from the right with the Chinese craft bobbing up and down to our right and the fighters circling swiftly over and around us.

Col. Russell and Maj. Smith were busy at the sticks and instruments, both pictures of calm tension. We were less than 5,000 feet up.

Sgt. Hiltbold was on the 50-caliber turret guns; Cpl. Johnson on the tail guns. Lt. Kilian peered into his bomb sights and PFC. Lawton was ready with the camera.

Vibrations let me know our 500-pound bombs were away. The bomb bay on Lt. Yang's ship opened and his bombs dropped one by one in quick succession.

We wheeled sharply and as we did, Capt. Storms' craft streaked across ahead of us as if it were flying sideways. He unloosed his 500-pound package of destruction in the pursuit curve. Lt. Everett did likewise.

We encountered no Japanese fighters and none of our planes was hit by ground fire.

It was the most enjoyable and thrilling Fourth of July celebration I've ever had.

Note that these men fighting and winning for God and country were from Missouri, California, Massachusetts, Texas, Idaho, Florida, New Jersey and Louisiana—all over the United States—Americans all in the common cause. And what a comradeship was theirs!



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